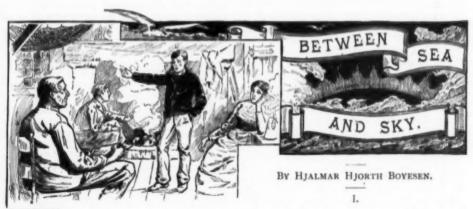
ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XIV.

FEBRUARY, 1887.

No. 4.

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CELAND is the most beautiful land the sun doth shine upon," said Sigurd Sigurdson to his two sons.

"How can you know that, Father," asked Thoralf, the elder of the two boys, "when you have never been anywhere else?"

"I know it in my heart," said Sigurd devoutly.

"It is, after all, a matter of taste," observed the son. "I think, if I were hard pressed, I might be induced to put up with some other country."

"You ought to blush with shame," his father rejoined warmly. "You do not deserve the name of an Icelander, when you fail to see how you have been blessed in having been born in so beautiful a country."

"I wish it were less beautiful and had more things to eat in it," muttered Thoralf. "Salted codfish, I have no doubt, is good for the soul, but it rests very heavily on the stomach, especially when you eat it three times a day."

"You ought to thank God that you have codfish, and are not a naked savage on some South

Sea isle, who feeds like an animal on the herbs of the earth."

"But I like codfish much better than smoked puffin," remarked Jens, the younger brother, who was carving a pipe-bowl. "Smoked puffin always makes me sea-sick. It tastes like cod liver oil."

Sigurd smiled, and, patting the younger boy on the head, entered the cottage.

"You should n't talk so to Father, Thoralf," said Jens, with superior dignity; for his father's caress made him proud and happy. "Father works so hard, and he does not like to see any one discontented."

"That is just it," replied the elder brother; "he works so hard, and yet barely manages to keep the wolf from the door. That is what makes me impatient with the country. If he worked so hard in any other country he would live in abundance, and in America he would become a rich man."

This conversation took place one day, late in the autumn, outside of a fisherman's cottage on the northwestern coast of Iceland. The wind was blowing a gale down from the very ice-en-

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girdled pole, and it required a very genial temper to keep one from getting blue. The ocean, which was but a few hundred feet distant, roared like an angry beast, and shook its white mane of spray, flinging it up against the black clouds. With every fresh gust of wind, a shower of salt water would fly hissing through the air and whirl about the chimney-top, which was white on the windward side from dried deposits of brine. On the turf-thatched roof big pieces of driftwood, weighted down with stones, were laid lengthwise and crosswise, and along the walls fishing-nets hung in festoons from wooden pegs. Even the low door was draped, as with decorative intent, with the folds of a great drag-net, the clumsy cork-floats of which often dashed into the faces of those who attempted to enter. Under a driftwood shed which projected from the northern wall was seen a pile of peat, cut into square blocks, and a quantity of the same useful material might be observed down at the beach, in a boat which the boys had been unloading when the storm blew up. Trees no longer grow in the island, except the crippled and twisted dwarf-birch, which creeps along the ground like a snake, and, if it ever dares lift its head, rarely grows more than four or six feet high. In the olden time, which is described in the so-called sagas of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, Iceland had very considerable forests of birch and probably also of pine. But they were cut down; and the climate has gradually been growing colder, until now even the hardiest tree, if it be induced to strike root in a sheltered place, never reaches maturity. The Icelanders therefore burn peat, and use for building their houses driftwood, which is carried to them by the Gulf Stream from Cuba and the other well-wooded isles along the Mexican

"If it keeps blowing like this," said Thoralf, fixing his weather eye on the black horizon, "we shan't be able to go a-fishing; and Mother says the larder is very nearly empty."

"I wish it would blow down an Englishman or something on us," remarked the younger brother; "Englishmen always have such lots of money, and they are willing to pay for everything they look at."

"While you are a-wishing, why don't you wish for an American? Americans have mountains and mountains of money, and they don't mind a bit what they do with it. That's the reason I should like to be an American."

"Yes, let us wish for an American or two to make us comfortable for the winter. But I am afraid it is too late in the season to expect foreign-

The two boys chatted together in this strain,

each working at some piece of wood-carving which he expected to sell to some foreign traveler, Thoralf was sixteen years old, tall of growth, but round-shouldered, from being obliged to work when he was too young. He was rather a handsome lad, though his features were square and weather-beaten, and he looked prematurely old. Jens, the younger boy, was fourteen years old, and was his mother's darling. For even up under the North Pole mothers love their children tenderly, and sometimes they love one a little more than another; that is, of course, the merest wee bit of a fraction of a trifle more. Icelandic mothers are so constituted that when one child is a little weaker and sicklier than the rest, and thus seems to be more in need of petting, they are apt to love their little weakling above all their other children, and to lavish the tenderest care upon that one. It was because little Jens had so narrow a chest, and looked so small and slender by the side of his robust brother, that his mother always singled him out for favors and caresses.

II.

ALL night long the storm danced wildly about the cottage, rattling the windows, shaking the walls, and making fierce assaults upon the door, as if it meant to burst in. Sometimes it bellowed hoarsely down the chimney, and whirled the ashes on the hearth, like a gray snowdrift, through the room. The fire had been put out, of course; but the dancing ashes kept up a fitful patter, like that of a pelting rainstorm, against the walls; they even penetrated into the sleeping alcoves and powdered the heads of their occupants. For in Iceland it is only well-to-do people who can afford to have separate sleeping-rooms; ordinary folk sleep in little closed alcoves, along the walls of the sitting-room; masters and servants, parents and children, guests and wayfarers, all retiring at night into square little holes in the walls, where they undress behind sliding trapdoors which may be opened again, when the lights have been put out, and the supply of air threatens to become exhausted. It was in a little closet of this sort that Thoralf and Jens were lying, listening to the roar of the storm. Thoralf dozed off occasionally, and tried gently to extricate himself from his frightened brother's embrace; but Jens lay with wide-open eyes, staring into the dark, and now and then sliding the trapdoor aside and peeping out, until a blinding shower of ashes would again compel him to slip his head under the sheepskin coverlet. When at last he summoned courage to peep out, he could not help shuddering. It was terribly cheerless and desolate. And all the time, his father's words

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kept ringing ironically in his ears: "Iceland is the most beautiful land the sun doth shine upon." For the first time in his life he began to question whether his father might not possibly be mistaken, or, perhaps, blinded by his love for his But the boy immediately repented of this doubt, and, as if to convince himself in spite of everything, kept repeating the patriotic motto to himself until he fell asleep.

It was yet pitch dark in the room, when he was awakened by his father, who stood stooping over

"Sleep on, child," said Sigurd; "it was your brother I wanted to wake up, not you."

"What is the matter, Father? What has happened?" cried Jens, rising up in bed, and rubbing the ashes from the corners of his eyes.

"We are snowed up," said the father quietly. "It is already nine o'clock, I should judge, or thereabouts, but not a ray of light comes through the windows. I want Thoralf to help me open the door."

Thoralf was by this time awake, and finished his primitive toilet with much dispatch. The darkness, the damp cold, and the unopened window-shutters impressed him ominously. He felt as if some calamity had happened or were about to happen. Sigurd lighted a piece of driftwood and stuck it into a crevice in the wall. The storm seemed to have ceased; a strange, tomb-like silence prevailed without and within. On the low hearth lay a small snowdrift which sparkled with a starlike glitter in the light.

"Bring the snow-shovels, Thoralf," said Sigurd. "Be quick; lose no time."

"They are in the shed outside," answered Tho-

"That is very unlucky," said the father; "now we shall have to use our fists."

The door opened outward, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that father and son succeeded in pushing it ajar. The storm had driven the snow with such force against it that their efforts seemed scarcely to make any impression upon the dense white wall which rose up before them.

"This is of no earthly use, Father," said the boy; "it is a day's job at the very least. Let me rather try the chimney."

"But you might stick in the snow and perish," objected the father anxiously.

"Weeds don't perish so easily," said Thoralf.

"Stand up on the hearth, Father, and I will climb up on your shoulders," urged the boy.

Sigurd half reluctantly complied with his son's request, who crawled up his father's back, and soon planted his feet on the paternal shoulders. He pulled his knitted woolen cap over his eyes and task, as the distance was not great. The window

ears so as to protect them from the drizzling soot which descended in intermittent showers. groping with his toes for a little projection of the wall, he gained a securer foothold, and, pushing boldly on, soon thrust his sooty head through the snow-crust. A chorus as of a thousand howling wolves burst upon his bewildered sense; the storm raged, shrieked, roared, and nearly swept him off his feet. Its biting breath smote his face like a sharp whip-lash.

"Give me my sheepskin coat," he cried down into the cottage; "the wind chills me to the bone."

The sheepskin coat was handed to him on the end of a pole, and seated upon the edge of the chimney, he pulled it on and buttoned it securely. Then he rolled up the edges of his cap in front and cautiously exposed his eyes and the tip of his nose. It was not a pleasant experiment, but one dictated by necessity. As far as he could see, the world was white with snow, which the storm whirled madly around, and swept now earthward, now heavenward. Great funnel-shaped columns of snow danced up the hillsides and vanished against the black horizon. The prospect before the boy was by no means inviting, but he had been accustomed to battle with dangers since his earliest childhood, and he was not easily dismayed. With much deliberation, he climbed over the edge of the chimney, and rolled down the slope of the roof in the direction of the shed. He might have rolled a great deal farther, if he had not taken the precaution to roll against the wind. When he had made sure that he was in the right locality, he checked himself by spreading his legs and arms; then, judging by the outline of the snow where the door of the shed was, he crept along the edge of the roof on the leeward side. He looked more like a small polar bear than a boy, covered, as he was, with snow from head to foot. He was prepared for a laborious descent, and raising himself up he jumped with all his might, hoping that his weight would carry him a couple of feet down. To his utmost astonishment he accomplished considerably more. The snow yielded under his feet as if it had been eider-down, and he tumbled headlong into a white cave right at the entrance to the shed. The storm, while it had packed the snow on the windward side, had naturally scattered it very loosely on the leeward, which left a considerable space unfilled under the projecting eaves.

Thoralf picked himself up and entered the shed without difficulty. He made up a large bundle of peat, which he put into a basket which could be carried, by means of straps, upon the back. With a snow-shovel he then proceeded to dig a tunnel to the nearest window. This was not a very hard was opened and the basket of peat, a couple of coaxing to do justice to his breakfast, even though shovels, and two pairs of skees* (to be used in case of emergency) were handed in. Thoralf himself, who was hungry as a wolf, made haste to avail himself of the same entrance. And it occurred to him as a happy afterthought that he might have saved himself much trouble if he had selected the

it had, like everything else in Iceland, a flavor of salted fish.

III.

FIVE days had passed, and still the storm raged with unabated fury. The access to the ocean was

cut off, and, with that, access to food. Already the last handful of flour had been made into bread. and of the dried cod which hung in rows under the ceiling only one small and skinny specimen remained. The father and the mother sat with mournful faces at the hearth, the former reading in his hymn-book, the latter stroking the hair of her youngest boy. Thoralf, who was carving at his everlasting pipe-bowl (a corpulent and short-legged Turk with an enormous mustache), looked up suddenly from his work and glanced questioningly at his father.

"Father," he said abruptly, "how would you like to starve to death?"

"God will preserve us from that, my son," answered the father devoutly.

"Not unless we try to preserve ourselves," retorted the boy earnestly. "We can't tell how long this storm is going to last, and it is better for us to start out in search of food now, while we are yet strong, than to wait until later, when, as likely as not, we shall be weakened by hunger."

"But what would you have me do, Thoralf?" asked the father sadly. "To venture out on the ocean in this weather would be certain death."

"True; but we can reach the Pope's Nose on our skees, and there we might snare or shoot some auks and gulls. Though I am not partial to that kind of diet myself, it is always preferable to starvation."



"HE CLIMBED OVER THE EDGE OF THE CHIMNEY."

window instead of the chimney, when he sallied forth on his expedition. He had erroneously taken it for granted that the snow would be packed as hard everywhere as it was at the front door. The mother, who had been spending this exciting halfhour in keeping little Jens warm, now lighted a fire and made coffee; and Thoralf needed no

*Skees are a kind of snowshoe, four to six feet long, bent upward in front, with a band to attach it to the foot in the middle.

"Wait, my son, wait," said Sigurd earnestly. "We have food enough for to-day, and by tomorrow the storm will have ceased, and we may go fishing without endangering our lives."

"As you wish, Father," the son replied, a trifle hurt at his father's unresponsive manner; " but if you will take a look out of the chimney, you will find that it looks black enough to storm for another week."

The father, instead of accepting this suggestion, went quietly to his book-case, took out a copy of Livy, in Latin, and sat down to read. Occasionally he looked up a word in the lexicon (which he had borrowed from the public library at Reykjavik), but read nevertheless with apparent fluency and pleasure. Though he was a fisherman, he was also a scholar, and during the long winter evenings he had taught himself Latin and even a smattering of Greek.* In Iceland the people have to spend their evenings at home; and especially since their millennial celebration in 1876, when American scholars † presented the people with a large library, books are their unfailing resource. In the case of Sigurd Sigurdson, however, books had become a kind of dissipation, and he had to be weaned gradually of his predilection for Homer and Livy. His oldest son especially looked upon Latin and Greek as a vicious indulgence, which no man with a family could afford to foster. Many a day when Sigurd ought to have been out in his boat casting his nets, he staid at home reading. And this, in Thoralf's opinion, was the chief reason why they would always remain poor and run the risk of starvation, whenever a stretch of bad weather prevented them from going to sea.

The next morning—the sixth since the breaking of the storm - Thoralf climbed up to his post of observation on the chimney top, and saw, to his dismay, that his prediction was correct. It had ceased snowing, but the wind was blowing as fiercely as ever, and the cold was intense.

"Will you follow me, Father, or will you not?" he asked, when he had accomplished his descent into the room. "Our last fish is now eaten, and our last loaf of bread will soon follow suit."

"I will go with you, my son," answered Sigurd, putting down his Livy reluctantly. He had just been reading for the hundredth time about the expulsion of the Tarquins from Rome, and his blood was aglow with sympathy and enthusiasm.

"Here is your coat, Sigurd," said his wife, holding up the great sheepskin garment, and as-

sisting him in putting it on.

"And here are your skees and your mittens and your cap," cried Thoralf, eager to seize the moment when his father was in the mood for action.

Muffled up like Eskimos to their very eyes, armed with bows and arrows and long poles with nooses of horse-hair at the ends, they sallied forth on their skees. The wind blew straight into their faces, forcing their breaths down their throats and compelling them to tack in zigzag lines like ships in a gale. The promontory called "The Pope's Nose" was about a mile distant: but in spite of their knowledge of the land, they went twice astray, and had to lie down in the snow, every now and then, so as to draw breath and warm the exposed portions of their faces. At the end of nearly two hours, they found themselves at their destination, but to their unutterable astonishment, the ocean seemed to have vanished, and as far as their eyes could reach, a vast field of packed ice loomed up against the sky in fantastic bastions, turrets, and spires. The storm had driven down this enormous arctic wilderness from the frozen precincts of the pole; and now they were blockaded on all sides, and cut off from all intercourse with humanity.

"We are lost, Thoralf," muttered his father, after having gazed for some time in speechless despair at the towering icebergs; "we might just as well have remained at home."

"The wind, which has blown the ice down upon us, can blow it away again too," replied the son with forced cheerfulness.

"I see no living thing here," said Sigurd, spying anxiously seaward.

"Nor do I," rejoined Thoralf; "but if we hunt, we shall. I have brought a rope, and I am going to pay a little visit to those auks and gulls that must be hiding in the sheltered nooks of the rocks."

"Are you mad, boy?" cried the father in alarm. "I will never permit it!"

"There is no help for it, Father," said the boy resolutely. "Here, you take hold of one end of the rope; the other I will secure about my waist. Now, get a good strong hold, and brace your feet against the rock there."

Sigurd, after some remonstrance, yielded, as was his wont, to his son's resolution and courage. Stepping off his skees, which he stuck endwise into the snow, and burrowing his feet down until they reached the solid rock, he tied the rope around his waist and twisted it about his hands, and at last, with quaking heart, gave the signal for the perilous enterprise. The promontory, which rose ab-

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^{*} Lord Dufferin tells, in his "Letters from High Latitudes," how the Icelandic pilots conversed with him in Latin, and other travelers have many similar tales to relate

[†] Prof. Willard Fiske, of Cornell University, was instrumental in collecting in the United States a library of several thousand volumes, which he presented to the Icelanders on the one thousandth birthday of their nation.

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ruptly to a height of two or three hundred feet from the sea, presented a jagged wall full of nooks and crevices glazed with frozen snow on the windward side, but black and partly bare to leeward.

"Now, let go!" shouted Thoralf; "and stop when I give a slight pull at the rope."

"All right," replied his father.

And slowly, slowly, hovering in mid-air, now yielding to an irresistible impulse of dread, now brave, cautious, and confident, Thoralf descended the cliff, which no human foot had ever trod before. He held in his hand the pole with the horse-hair noose, and over his shoulder hung a foxskin hunting-bag. With alert, wide-open eyes he spied about him, exploring every cranny of the rock, and thrusting his pole into the holes where he suspected the birds might have taken refuge. Sometimes a gust of wind would have flung him violently against the jagged wall if he had not, by means of his pole, warded off the collision. At last he caught sight of a bare ledge, where he might gain a secure foothold; for the rope cut him terribly about the waist, and made him anxious to relieve the strain, if only for a moment. He gave the signal to his father, and by the aid of his pole swung himself over to the projecting ledge. It was uncomfortably narrow, and, what was worse, the remnants of a dozen auk's nests had made the place extremely slippery. Nevertheless, he seated himself, allowing his feet to dangle, and gazed out upon the vast ocean, which looked in its icy grandeur like a forest of shining towers and minarets. It struck him for the first time in his life that perhaps his father was right in his belief that Iceland was the fairest land the sun doth shine upon; but he could not help reflecting that it was a very unprofitable kind of beauty. The storm whistled and howled overhead, but under the lee of the sheltering rock it blew only in fitful gusts with intermissions of comparative calm. He knew that in fair weather this was the haunt of innumerable seabirds, and he concluded that even now they could not be far away. He pulled up his legs, and crept carefully on hands and feet along the slippery ledge, peering intently into every nook and crevice. His eyes, which had been half-blinded by the glare of the snow, gradually recovered their power of vision. There! What was that? Something seemed to move on the ledge below. Yes, there sat a long row of auks, some erect as soldiers, as if determined to face it out; others huddled together in clusters, and comically woe-begone. Quite a number lay dead at the base of the rock, whether from starvation or as the victims of fierce fights for the possession

of the sheltered ledges could scarcely be determined. Thoralf, delighted at the sight of anything eatable (even though it was poor eating), gently lowered the end of his pole, slipped the noose about the neck of a large, military-looking fellow, and, with a quick pull, swung him out over the ice-field. The auk gave a few ineffectual flaps with his uscless wings,* and expired. His picking off apparently occasioned no comment whatever in his family, for his comrades never uttered a sound nor stirred an inch, except to take possession of the place he had vacated. Number two met his fate with the same listless resignation; and numbers three, four, and five were likewise removed in the same noiseless manner, without impressing their neighbors with the fact that their turn might come next. The birds were half-benumbed with hunger, and their usually alert senses were drowsy and stupefied. Nevertheless, number six, when it felt the noose about its neck, raised a hubbub that suddenly aroused the whole colony, and, with a chorus of wild screams, the birds flung themselves down the cliffs or, in their bewilderment, dashed headlong down upon the ice, where they lay half stunned or helplessly sprawling. So through all the caves and hidingplaces of the promontory the commotion spread, and the noise of screams and confused chatter mingled with the storm and filled the vault of the sky. In an instant, a great flock of gulls was on the wing, and circled with resentful shrieks about the head of the daring intruder who had disturbed their wintry peace. The wind whirled them about, but they still held their own, and almost brushed with their wings against his face, while he struck out at them with his pole. He had no intention of catching them; but, by chance, a huge burgomaster gull* got its foot into the noose. It made an ineffectual attempt to disentangle itself, then, with piercing screams, flapped its great wings, beating the air desperately. Thoralf, having packed three birds into his hunting-bag, tied the three others together by the legs, and flung them across his shoulders. Then, gradually trusting his weight to the rope, he slid off the rock, and was about to give his father the signal to hoist him up. But, greatly to his astonishment, his living captive, by the power of its mighty wings, pulling at the end of the pole, swung him considerably farther into space than he had calculated. He would have liked to let go both the gull and the pole, but he perceived instantly that if he did, he would, by the mere force of his weight, be flung back against the rocky wall. He did not dare take that risk, as the blow might be hard

* The auk can not fly well, but uses its wings for swimming and diving.

^{*}The burgomaster gull is the largest of all gulls. It is thirty inches long, exclusive of its tail, and its wings have a span of five feet.

enough to stun him. A strange, tingling sensation shot through his nerves, and the blood throbbed with a surging sound in his ears. There he hung suspended in mid-air, over a terrible precipice - and a hundred feet below was the jagged ice-field with its sharp, fiercely-shining steeples! With a powerful effort of will, he collected his senses, clenched his teeth, and strove to think clearly. The gull whirled wildly eastward and westward, and he swayed with its every motion like a living pendulum between sea and sky. He began to grow dizzy, but again his powerful will came to his rescue, and he gazed resolutely up against the brow of the precipice and down upon the projecting ledges below, in order to accustom his eye and his mind to the sight. By a strong effort he succeeded in giving a pull at the rope, and expected to feel himself raised upward by his father's strong arms. But to his amazement, there came no response to his signal. He repeated it once, twice, thrice; there was a slight tugging at the rope, but no upward movement. the brave lad's heart stood still, and his courage well-nigh failed him.

"Father!" he cried, with a hoarse voice of despair; "why don't you pull me up?"

His cry was lost in the roar of the wind, and there came no answer. Taking hold once more of the rope with one hand, he considered the possibility of climbing; but the miserable gull, seeming every moment to redouble its efforts at escape, deprived him of the use of his hands unless he chose to dash out his brains by collision with the rock. Something like a husky, choked scream seemed to float down from above, and staring again upward, he saw his father's head projecting over the brink of the precipice.

"The rope will break," screamed Sigurd. "I have tied it to the rock."

Thoralf instantly took in the situation. By the swinging motion, occasioned both by the wind and his fight with the gull, the rope had become frayed against the sharp edge of the cliff, and his chances of life, he coolly concluded, were now not worth a sixpence. Curiously enough, his agitation suddenly left him, and a great calm came over him. He seemed to stand face to face with eternity; and as nothing else that he could do was of any avail, he could at least steel his heart to meet death like a man and an Icelander.

"I am trying to get hold of the rope below the place where it is frayed," he heard his father shout during a momentary lull in the storm.

"Don't try," answered the boy; "you can't do it, alone. Rather, let me down on the lower ledge, and let me sit there until you can go and get some one to help you."

His father, accustomed to take his son's advice, reluctantly lowered him ten or twenty feet until he was on a level with the shelving ledge below, which was broader than the one upon which he had first gained foothold. But—oh, the misery of it!—the ledge did not project far enough! He could not reach it with his feet! The rope, of which only a few strands remained, might break at any moment and—he dared not think what would be the result! He had scarcely had time to consider, when a brilliant device shot through his brain. With a sudden thrust he flung away the pole, and the impetus of his weight sent him inward with such force that he landed securely upon the broad shelf of rock.

The gull, surprised by the sudden weight of the pole, made a somersault, strove to rise again, and tumbled, with the pole still depending from its leg, down upon the ice-field.

It was well that Thoralf was warmly clad, or he could never have endured the terrible hours while he sat through the long afternoon, hearing the moaning and shricking of the wind and seeing the darkness close about him. The storm was chilling him with its fierce breath. One of the birds he tied about his throat as a sort of scarf, using the feet and neck for making the knot, and the dense, downy feathers sent a glow of comfort through him, in spite of his consciousness that every hour might be his last. If he could only keep awake through the night, the chances were that he would survive to greet the morning. He hit upon an ingenious plan for accomplishing this purpose. He opened the bill of the auk which warmed his neck, cut off the lower mandible, and placed the upper one (which was as sharp as a knife) so that it would inevitably cut his chin in case he should nod. He leaned against the rock and thought of his mother and the warm, comfortable chimneycorner at home. The wind probably resented this thought, for it suddenly sent a biting gust right into Thoralf's face, and he buried his nose in the downy breast of the auks until the pain had subsided. The darkness had now settled upon sea and land; only here and there white steeples loomed out of the gloom. Thoralf, simply to occupy his thought, began to count them. But all of a sudden one of the steeples seemed to move, then another - and another.

The boy feared that the long strain of excitement was depriving him of his reason. The wind, too, after a few wild arctic howls, acquired a warmer breath and a gentler sound. It could not be possible that he was dreaming. For in that case he would soon be dead. Perhaps he was dead already, and was drifting through this strange icy vista to a better world. All these imaginings flit-

ted through his mind, and were again dismissed as improbable. He scratched his face with the foot of an auk in order to convince himself that he was really awake. Yes, there could be no doubt of it; he was wide awake. Accordingly he once more fixed his eyes upon the ghostly steeples and towers, and—it sent cold shudders down his back—they were still moving. Then there came a fusilade as

of heavy artillery, followed by a salvo of lighter musketry; then came a fierce grinding, and cracking, and creaking sound, as if the whole ocean were of glass and were breaking to pieces. "What," thought Thoralf, "if the ice is breaking to pieces!" In an instant, the explanation of the whole spectral panorama was clear as the day. The wind had veered round to the southeast, and the whole enormous ice-floe was being driven out to sea. For several hours -he could not tell how many -he sat watching this superb spectacle by the pale light of the aurora borealis, which toward midnight began to flicker across the sky and illuminated the northern horizon. He found the sight so interesting that for a while he forgot to be sleepy. But toward morning, when the aurora began to fade and the clouds to cover the east, a terrible weariness was irresistibly stealing over him. He could see glimpses of the black water beneath him: and the shining spires of ice were vanishing in the dusk, drifting rapidly away upon the arctic currents with death and disaster to ships and crews that might happen to cross their paths.

It was terrible at what a snail's pace the hours crept along! It seemed to Thoralf as if a week had passed since his father left him. He pinched himself in order to keep awake, but it was of no use; his eyelids would slowly droop and his head would incline—horrors! what was that? Oh, he had forgotten; it was the sharp mandible of the auk that cut his chin. He put his hand up to it, and felt something warm and clammy on his fingers. He was bleeding. It took Thoralf several minutes to stay the blood—the wound was deeper than he had bargained for; but it occupied him and

kept him awake, which was of vital importance.

At last, after a long and desperate struggle with drowsiness, he saw the dawn break faintly in the east. It was a mere feeble promise of light, a remote suggestion that there was such a thing as day. But to the boy, worn out by the terrible strain of death and danger staring him in the face, it was a glorious assurance that rescue was at hand. The

tears came into his eyes—not tears of weakness, but tears of gratitude that the terrible trial had been endured. Gradually the light spread like a pale, grayish veil over the eastern sky, and the ocean caught faint reflections of the presence of the unseen sun. The wind was mild, and thousands of birds that had been imprisoned by the ice in the crevices of the rocks whirled triumphantly into the air and



"A STOUT ROPE WAS DANGLING IN MID-AIR AND SLOWLY
APPROACHING HIM."

plunged with wild screams into the tide below. It was hard-to imagine where they all had been, for the air seemed alive with them, the cliffs teemed with them; and they fought, and shrieked, and chattered, like a howling mob in times of famine. It was owing to this unearthly tumult that Thoralf did not hear the voice which called to him from the top of the cliff. His senses were half-dazed by the

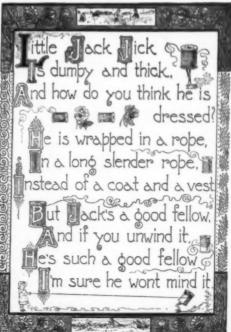
noise and by the sudden relief from the excitement of the night. Then there came two voices floating down to him - then quite a chorus. He tried to look up, but the beetling brow of the rock prevented him from seeing anything but a stout rope, which was dangling in mid-air and slowly approaching him. With all the power of his lungs he responded to the call; and there came a wild cheer from above - a cheer full of triumph and joy. He recognized the voices of Hunding's sons, who lived on the other side of the promontory; and he knew that even without their father they were strong enough to pull up a man three times his weight. The difficulty now was only to get hold of the rope, which hung too far out for his hands to reach it.

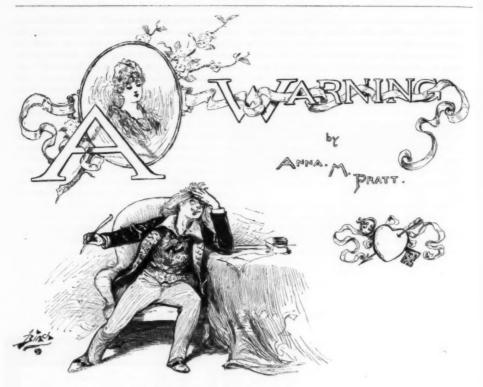
"Shake the rope hard," he called up; and immediately the rope was shaken into serpentine undulations; and after a few vain efforts, he succeeded in catching hold of the knot. To secure the rope about his waist and to give the signal for the as-

cent was but a moment's work. They hauled vigorously, those sons of Hunding - for he rose, up, along the black walls - up - up - up - with no uncertain motion. At last, when he was at the very brink of the precipice, he saw his father's pale and anxious face leaning out over the abyss. But there was another face too! Whose could it be? It was a woman's face. It was his mother's. Somebody swung him out into space; a strange, delicious dizziness came over him; his eyes were blinded with tears; he did not know where he was, He only knew that he was inexpressibly happy. There came a tremendous cheer from somewhere,for Icelanders know how to cheer, - but it penetrated but faintly through his bewildered senses. Something cold touched his forehead; it seemed to be snow; then warm drops fell, which were tears. He opened his eyes; he was in his mother's arms. Little Jens was crying over him and kissing him. His father and Hunding's sons were standing with folded arms, gazing joyously at him.

ANSWERED RIDDLE JINGLES.







MR. ZERUBBABEL SMYTH DE KLYN Resolved he would write a valentine To a maiden he thought both fair and fine.

- " I'll write it in flowing verse," quoth he;
- "Her heart is like ice, but 't will melt for me, When I vow that I write on my bended knee."

He took paper and ink and a new stub pen, And to quicken his fancy he counted ten, While he made a few flourishes now and then.

He rolled up his eyes and wrote, "Evermore"; Arose and said, as he walked the floor,

" Methinks that with motion my mind will soar."

Then he thought, "To excitement I seem inclined; I'd better sit down to calm my mind,"
And he whistled for thought as do sailors for wind.

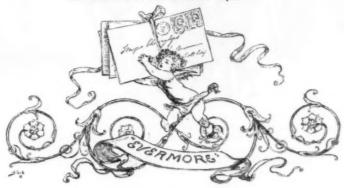
He patted his brow and he petted his chin, With a pensive smile that resembled a grin; He was sure that now he 'd begun to begin.

He heaved a sigh and scribbled, "My lass"; Then mournfully went to watch in the glass His feelings over his features pass. He could hear the rat-tat-tat of his heart, And almost the thoughts he wished to impart. "If I only," said he, "could get a good start!"

For inspiration he tore his hair And gazed at the ceiling, but naught was there. He groaned, "Can this calm be the calm of despair?"

Thus he wore the hours of the night away, But he wrote not a line for Saint Valentine's day — For, you see, —— he had nothing at all to say.

To the maiden he thought so fair and fine, The post brought many a valentine, But never a word from Z. S. De Klyn.



WIZARD FROST.

By FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

Wondrous things have come to pass On my square of window-glass: Looking in it I have seen Grass no longer painted green,-Trees whose branches never stir,-Skies without a cloud to blur,-Birds below them sailing high,-Church-spires pointing to the sky, And a funny little town Where the people, up and down Streets of silver, to me seem Like the people in a dream, Dressed in finest kinds of lace; 'T is a picture, on a space Scarcely larger than the hand, Of a tiny Switzerland, Which the wizard Frost has drawn 'Twixt the nightfall and the dawn; Quick, and see what he has done, Ere 't is stolen by the sun!



A GOOD DAY FOR SKATING

THE STORY OF PRINCE FAIRYFOOT.

By Frances Hodgson Burnett.

PART III.

"WHAT pool-and what red berries?" asked the second nightingale.

"Why, my dear," said the first, "is it possible you don't know about the pool where the red berries grow - the pool where the poor, dear Princess Goldenhair met with her misfortune?"

"Never heard of it," said the second nightingale rather crossly.

"Well," explained the other, "you have to follow the brook for a day and three-quarters and then take all the paths to the left until you come to the pool. It is very ugly and muddy, and bushes with red berries on them grow around it."

"Well, what of that?" said her companion; "and what happened to the Princess Goldenhair?"

"Don't you know that, either?" exclaimed her friend.

" No."

"Ah!" said the first nightingale, "it was very sad. She went out with her father, the King, who had a hunting party; and she lost her way and wandered on until she came to the pool. Her poor little feet were so hot that she took off her gold-

embroidered satin slippers, and put them into the water, - her feet, not the slippers, - and the next minute they began to grow and grow, and to get larger and larger, until they were so immense she could hardly walk at all; and though all the physicians in the kingdom have tried to make them smaller, nothing can be done, and she is perfectly unhappy."

"What a pity she does n't know about this pool!" said the other bird. "If she just came here and bathed them three times in the water, they would be smaller and more beautiful than ever, and she would be more lovely than she has ever been."

"It is a pity," said her companion; "but you know if we once let people know what this water will do, we should be overrun with creatures bathing themselves beautiful, and trampling our moss and tearing down our rose-trees, and we should never have any peace."

"That is true," agreed the other.

Very soon after, they flew away, and Fairyfoot was left alone. He had been so excited while they were talking that he had been hardly able to lie still. He was so sorry for the Princess Goldenhair, and so glad for himself. Now he could find

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his way to the pool with the red berries, and he could bathe his feet in it until they were large enough to satisfy Stumpinghame; and he could go back to his father's court, and his parents would perhaps be fond of him. But he had so good a heart that he could not think of being happy himself and letting others remain unhappy, when he could help them. So the first thing was to find the Princess Goldenhair, and tell her about the nightingales' fountain. But how was he to find her? The nightingales had not told him. He was very much troubled, indeed. How was he to find her?

Suddenly, quite suddenly, he thought of the ring Gauzita had given him. When she had given it to him she had made an odd remark.

"When you wish to go anywhere," she had said, "hold it in your hand, turn around twice with closed eyes, and something queer will happen."

He had thought it was one of her little jokes, but now it occurred to him that at least he might try what would happen. So he rose up, held the ring in his hand, closed his eyes, and turned around twice.

What did happen was that he began to walk, not very fast, but still passing along as if he were moving rapidly. He did not know where he was going, but he guessed that the ring did, and that if he obeyed it, he should find the Princess Goldenhair. He went on and on, not getting in the least tired, until about daylight he found himself under a great tree, and on the ground beneath it was spread a delightful breakfast which he knew was for him. He sat down and ate it, and then got up again and went on his way once more. Before noon he had left the forest behind him and was in a strange country. He knew it was not Stumpinghame, because the people had not large feet. But they all had sad faces, and once or twice, when he passed groups of them who were talking, he heard them speak of the Princess Goldenhair, as if they were sorry for her and could not enjoy themselves while such a misfortune rested upon her.

"So sweet, and lovely, and kind a princess!" they said; "and it really seems as if she would never be any better."

The sun was just setting when Fairyfoot came in sight of the palace. It was built of white marble and had beautiful pleasure-grounds about it, but somehow there seemed to be a settled gloom in the air. Fairyfoot had entered the great pleasure-garden and was wondering where it would be best to go first, when he saw a lovely white fawn, with a golden collar around its neck, come bounddistance, a sweet voice saying sorrowfully, "Come

back, my fawn; I can not run and play with you as once I used to. Do not leave me, my little friend."

And soon from behind the trees came a line of beautiful girls, walking two by two, all very slowly; and at the head of the line, first of all, came the loveliest princess in the world, dressed softly in pure white, with a wreath of lilies on her long golden hair, which fell almost to the hem of her white gown.

She had so fair and tender a young face, and her large, soft eyes yet looked so sorrowful, that Fairyfoot loved her in a moment, and he knelt on one knee, taking off his cap and bending his head until his own golden hair almost hid his face.

"Beautiful Princess Goldenhair, beautiful and sweet Princess, may I speak to you?" he said.

The princess stopped and looked at him, and answered him softly. It surprised her to see one so poorly dressed kneeling before her, in her palace-gardens, among the brilliant flowers; but she always spoke softly to every one.

"What is there that I can do for you, my friend?" she said.

"Beautiful Princess," answered Fairyfoot, blushing, "I hope very much that I may be able to do something for you."

"For me!" she exclaimed. "Thank you, friend; what is it you can do? Indeed, I need a help I am afraid no one can ever give me."

"Gracious and fairest lady," said Fairyfoot, "it is that help, I think-nay, I am sure-that I bring to you."

"Oh!" said the sweet princess. "You have a kind face and most true eyes, and when I look at you, - I do not know why it is, but I feel a little happier. What is it you would say to me?"

Still kneeling before her, still bending his head modestly, and still blushing, Fairyfoot told his story. He told her of his own sadness and loneliness, and of why he was considered so terrible a disgrace to his family. He told her about the fountain of the nightingales and what he had heard there, and how he had journeyed through the forest, and beyond it into her own country, to find her. And while he told it, her beautiful face changed from red to white, and her hands closely clasped themselves together.

"Oh!" she said when he had finished, "I know that this is true, from the kind look in your eyes. And I shall be happy again. And how can I thank you for being so good to a poor little princess. whom you had never seen?"

"Only let me see you happy once more, most sweet Princess," answered Fairyfoot, "and that ing over the flower-beds, and he heard, at a little will be all I desire - only if, perhaps, I might once-kiss your hand."

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She held out her hand to him with so lovely a look in her soft eyes that he felt happier than he had ever been before, even at the fairy dances. This was a different kind of happiness. Her hand was as white as a dove's wing and as soft as a dove's breast. "Come," she said; "let us go at once to the King."

Within a few minutes the whole palace was in an uproar of excitement. Preparations were made to go to the fountain of the nightingales immediately. Remembering what the birds had said about not wishing to be disturbed, Fairyfoot asked the King to take only a small party. So no one was to go but the King himself, the Princess, in a covered chair carried by two bearers, the Lord High Chamberlain, two Maids of Honor, and Fairyfoot.

Before morning they were on their way; and the day after, they reached the thicket of roses, and Fairyfoot pushed aside the branches and led the way into the dell.

The Princess Goldenhair sat down upon the edge of the pool, and put her feet into it. In two minutes, they began to look smaller. She bathed them

once, twice, three times, and, as the nightingales had said, they became smaller and more beautiful than ever. As for the Princess herself, she really could not be more beautiful than she had been; but the Lord High Chamberlain,—who had been an exceedingly ugly old gentleman,—after washing his face, became so young and handsome that the first Maid of Honor immediately fell in love with him. Whereupon she washed her face, and became so beautiful that he fell in love with her, and they were engaged upon the spot.

The Princess could not find any words to tell Fairyfoot how grateful she was and how happy. She could only look at him again and again with her soft, radiant eyes, and again and again give him her hand that he might kiss it.

She was so sweet and gentle that Fairyfoot could not bear the thought of leaving her; and when the King begged him to return to the palace with them and live there always, he was more glad than I can tell you. To be near this lovely Princess, to be her friend, to love and serve her and look at her every day was such happiness that he wanted



THE MARRIAGE



nothing more. But first he wished to visit his father and mother and sisters and brothers in Stumpinghame; so the King and Princess and their attendants went with him to the pool where the red berries grew; and after he had bathed his feet in the water, they were so large that Stumpinghame contained nothing like them, even the King's and Queen's seeming small in comparison. And when, a few days later, he arrived at the Stumpinghame Palace, attended in great state by the magnificent retinue with which the father of the Princess Goldenhair had provided him, he was received with unbounded rapture by his parents. The King and Queen felt that to have a son with feet of such a size was something to be proud of, indeed. They could not admire him sufficiently, although the whole country was illuminated and feasting continued throughout his visit.

But though he was glad to be no longer a disgrace to his family, it can not be said that he enjoyed the size of his feet very much on his own account. Indeed, he much preferred being Prince Fairyfoot, as fleet as the wind and as light as a young deer, and he was quite glad to go to the

fountain of the nightingales after his visit was at an end, and bathe his feet small again, and to return to the palace of the Princess Goldenhair with the soft and tender eyes. There every one loved him, and he loved every one, and was four times as happy as the day is long.

He loved the Princess more dearly every day, and of course, as soon as they were old enough, they were married. And of course, too, they used to go in the summer to the forest and dance in the moonlight with the fairies, who adored them both.

When they went to visit Stumpinghame, they always bathed their feet in the pool of the red berries; and when they returned, they made them small again in the fountain of the nightingales.

They were always great friends with Robin Goodfellow, and he was always very confidential with them about Gauzita, who continued to be as pretty and saucy as ever.

"Some of these days," he used to say severely,
"I'll marry another fairy, and see how she'll like
that — to see some one else basking in my society!

I'll get even with her!"

But he never did. THE END.



OF PRINCE FAIRYFOOT AND PRINCESS GOLDENHAIR.

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EFFIE'S REALISTIC NOVEL.

By ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS.

"MAMMA, I don't see why I could n't write a novel, now that it is the fashion to put into novels just the plain things that everybody sees every day. You know we have been studying recent literature in Miss Owen's class at school, and it seems as if it would be ever so easy to write a story like those Mr. Howells writes."

"But why do you try to make a novel out of it, Effie? Perhaps you would not find it quite so easy after all. Why not take just a simple story?"

"Why, Mamma, a realistic novel is just a simple story. That 's why I like it, and why I think I can do it. It 's just an account of what real people do every day of their lives, and you don't have to invent anything at all. It 's very absurd, Mr. Howells says, to put troubadours and knights and all sorts of unnatural adventures into a story nowadays. People are tired of such things."

"Well, but what will it be, Effie? A love

"No: I think not a love story,"

"How are you going to write a novel without a love story in it?"

"Why, Mamma, that 's just it again! A realistic novel does n't have to have lovers. Indeed, it must n't have lovers. All that sort of thing is very old-fashioned in a novel."

"But, Effie," objected Lilian, Effie's older sister, "I'm quite sure Mr. Howells has lovers in his. Why, don't you remember, one of his stories was called 'Their Wedding Journey,' and I think somebody is always married in all of them."

"Well," said Effie, thoughtfully, "I'll tell you how I think it is: You can have people engaged and married, if you can't think of anything better for them to do, only you must n't make a great fuss about it. There must n't be all sorts of objections from the parents, and they must n't turn pale with passion, and rave at each other in sonnets, and all that sort of thing. They must just get engaged sensibly and then go and get married, the way people really do."

"But what will you have your heroine do, if she does n't fall in love or get married?"

"I don't know yet; I have n't made up my mind; but I think I shall have her go into a convent."

"Oh, Effie! Mr. Howells would n't do that. He would n't use a convent at all!"

"Why not? There are convents. It is perfectly realistic to take things that really do exist."

"But then there are so few convents; and comparatively few girls go into them nowadays. I think, if you are going to be realistic, you will have to tell just what the average girl, and not the exceptional girl, does."

"Oh, well; of course there are lots of other things she can do," said Effie. "I only happened to think of a convent just then."

A few days afterward, Effie brought her first chapter to her mother.

"The name of the novel is 'Margaret P. Wharton,'" she explained. "Don't you think it was very realistic, Mamma, to put in that 'P'? They don't generally, you know. They just call their heroine 'Margaret Wharton,' or 'Helen Rainsford,' or 'Priscilla Remington'; but real girls almost always have an initial, so I put one in."

"And what made you decide on a 'P'?" asked Papa, who was supposed to be reading the paper, but who was evidently listening.

"Why, because her middle name was Patterson!" answered Effie, promptly. "You would n't have me put in an 'A' or a 'G' or an 'R,' would you, to stand for Patterson?"

"Not for worlds," answered Papa, gravely. "But, you see, I did n't know it was Patterson, and in a realistic novel you ought not to leave anything to the imagination. I might have supposed, you know, that her middle name was Porter or Prentice. But go on, my dear."

"' Margaret Wharton was not what you would call a beauty,' " read Effic from her manuscript.

"Wait a minute, Effie; you forgot the 'P.'"
"Oh, well, Papa," exclaimed Effie, impatiently,
"of course you don't have to put in the 'P' every
time. 'Margaret Wharton was not what you
would call a beauty.' You see, Papa," she explained, "in a realistic novel you must never go
to extremes about anything. In the old-fashioned
stories the heroine was always perfectly beautiful;
but real girls are not perfectly beautiful, and so I
could n't let Margaret Wharton ——"

"With a ' P,' Effie, --- "

"—be as handsome as I should have liked to make her. 'Margaret Wharton,'" she began again, "'was not what you would call a beauty. Yet there was something singularly attractive about her.'"

"Her clothes?" inquired Papa. But Effic continued, without deigning to notice the interruption—"Her hair, which was of the most beauti-

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little, short, lovely curls; while at the back it was coiled into a shining knot that seemed to have caught the sunbeams and imprisoned them in its toils. Her eyes, which were gloriously black in color, were full of infinite expression and dreamy loveliness, enhanced in effect by the beautifully arched eyebrows, and by the long lashes that swept a cheek almost marble in its pallor, yet tinged at times with rosy blushes, like an exquisitely tinted shell."

"And her nose?" inquired Papa.

"I have n't come to her nose yet," answered Effie with dignity. "'Her dainty little ears peeped out from her luxuriant tresses as if they wanted to hear the pretty things people were sure to say about so lovely a face -

"Brava, Effie!" interrupted Papa, clapping his hands. "That 's capital! - even if it is n't

realistic," he added, under his breath.

"'--- while the pure, sweet mouth, arched in the most exquisite curves, hid from view teeth that were like a row of shining pearls."

"How do you know they were like pearls, Effie, if they were hid from view?" Papa suggested.

" Her complexion," continued Effie, undismayed, " was of the purest rose and white, while her graceful head was poised on a throat like that of a swan. Her - 'Oh, dear ! " interrupted the young author, looking helplessly at her manuscript, "I do believe I forgot her nose after all; I'm so glad you reminded me of it. I can slip it in right here. Give me a pencil, please. 'Her

"Is that her nose?" inquired Papa, pointing to the A with which Effic was inserting her new

sentence about the nose.

" 'Her nose,'" repeated Effie, with a glance of terrible scorn at her father, " was of the purest Grecian type; while over all her exquisite features floated an expression of dreamy thought, of tender charm, which added tenfold to their inexpressible loveliness.' "

"Quite a pretty girl," murmured Papa, "for

one who was not a beauty."

"Yes," said Effie, complacently. "She was pretty. There's no harm in her being pretty, you know, for lots of real girls are ever so pretty. And you could n't expect me to make a heroine out of an ugly old poke."

"Certainly not," said Papa with emphasis. "And now I understand the full significance of the 'P' in the middle of her name; it is to remind us that she was only Pretty, and not Beautiful, if we are in danger of forgetting it after your descrip-

tion."

ful golden color, waved over her forehead in realistic people talk much about tresses when they mean hair."

"And I don't think," said Lilian, emphatically, "that they ever describe people at all. I'm sure Mr. Howells does n't. He never tells you how people look, or what they wear; he just begins and goes right ahead with letting them do something."

"Oh, no, no, indeed, Lilian!" answered Effie, with full confidence that here, at least, she had unanswerable arguments for her methods. "That is just exactly what he does n't do. All the critics say so. Mr. Howells's people never do anything. Why, Miss Owen told us that was the great objection that many people made to his work; that there is so little action in it, and his characters never seem to be doing anything in particular."

"What do they do, if they don't do anything?"

inquired Papa.

"I said they did n't do anything in particular. They don't stab villains, nor jump overboard, nor get into railway accidents, nor have to marry a rich man they hate, to save their father's fortune, nor do all sorts of things that nobody ever really did do - except in the old-fashioned novels."

"Well, is n't it time, by the way, that we found out what Miss Margaret P, was doing? That will give us the right clew, perhaps. What was your realistic heroine doing, Effie, with her beaut-, I mean her pretty complexion and her bright eyes?"

"She was walking down Beacon street."

"Ah! that sounds more like it. On the right

side, or the left side?" "On the right side, of course, Papa; nobody ever walks on the left side of Beacon street, going

"I see. In the old-fashioned novel, Margaret would have walked on the left side of the street. and so, by her eccentricity, at once have excited a suspicion that she was about something unusual, which must not be in the modern work of art. Go on, my dear; this is very interesting. Why was this pretty girl walking down Beacon street on the right side, that lovely day? By the way, Effie, I am assuming that it was a lovely day because Miss Margaret was out; but is it well to leave even so much as that to our imagination? Ought you not to say, briefly but unmistakably, that it was a lovely day?"

"I'm coming to that," said Effie, apologetically. "But there is one more paragraph first. dress was of the costliest velvet, made simply but elegantly, and looped most gracefully at the back.' Don't you remember, Lilian, how nicely Mr. Howells always describes the way girls loop up their overskirts?" asked Effie, interrupting herself for "But, Effie," said her mother, "I don't think sake of the sympathy she felt sure of at last.

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"Ye-s," said Lilian, doubtfully. "But your description does n't seem just like his. I think it's because you describe the wrong thing; you describe the velvet, and he described the looping."

"But, of course, I could n't say just the same

thing he did, could I?"

"N-o; but, you see, Mr. Howells is always so funny."

"Well, don't you think what I said about her little ears listening to hear what people said about her face was funny?"

"Yes, of course, it was funny; but then, you

see, it was n't very funny."

"And it ought not to be!" said Effie, triumphantly. "Nothing in a realistic novel ought to be very anything. You must never go to extremes. If it 's a little funny, that 's enough. Now I shall go on. 'Around her neck she wore the costliest fur; her little hands were cased in the daintiest gloves to be had at Hovey's —.' I think Hovey's makes it very realistic, don't you, Papa?—' while a long and dainty feather curled lovingly around her little hat, as if it liked to be there.'"

"I'm very glad she wore only a feather in her hat," replied Effie's father, adding, "though a severe critic might object that a realistic girl usually wears the whole bird. I am more than ever persuaded that it was an exceedingly fine day; still, Effie, don't you think it is time you told us something about the weather? I infer, from there being no mention of an umbrella in Miss Wharton's very complete outfit, that it was not raining; still, in a realistic novel, nothing ought to require an effort of the imagination."

"I am just coming to that, Papa. 'It was a lovely afternoon, towards the close of July,—""

vely afternoon, towards the close of July,——'"
"July! Why, I thought she had on furs?"

"Oh dear, so she had! I must have the furs. so I'll just change July to January—they both begin with a J—'It was a lovely afternoon near the close of January. A splendid sunset glowed in the west—'"

"Did you ever know a sunset to glow in the

east?"

"Oh, Papa! what a terrible critic you are! I don't believe you like Mr. Howells's style."

"Oh, yes, I like Mr. Howells's style very much; but this does n't seem exactly in his style. For instance, Mr. Howells never speaks of sunsets."

"But, Papa, a sunset is just as real as a person. There are sunsets; it is n't anything I invented out of my own head."

"I know there are sunsets, and I have no doubt Mr. Howells likes a real genuine sunset to look at, very much; but he does n't think sunsets belong to fiction. They are to look at, not to read about. Now I should n't wonder if you had a page or two there about the sunset."

"Yes, there are three pages of it, and it is just lovely! And I thought it must be realistic because it is a description of the very sunset you and I saw last summer at Mount Desert."

"But do you think a sunset at Mount Desert in August would be likely to be very similar to the sunsets on Beacon street in January?"

"Oh, dear! Then I might as well give it up. But, Papa, what do you suppose Mr. Howells would have said if he had been writing this story?"

"Well, I have n't a very clear idea as yet of your plot and general scope; but I should say, with what material you have exhibited as yet, Mr. Howells would have said just about this: 'Near five o'clock on a pleasant afternoon in January, Miss Margaret Wharton was walking on Beacon street.'"

"But, Papa, how does he ever fill up a whole novel with such short sentences as that?"

"Ah, there is his art! It is very easy to say what Mr. Howells does n't put in; but it is n't so easy to say in advance what he does."

"Well," said Effie, with a sigh, "I don't see but it 's just as hard to be realistic as it is to be artistic. I shall give up my novel, and try a story of adventure."

"But don't leave Margaret P. Wharton in the lurch quite yet, Effie. All I know about her so far is that she was n't a beauty, though she wore elegant clothes; but, as you say, there is something singularly attractive about her, and I want to find out what it is. What were you going to have her do? Was it a case for 'aspirations'?"

"I was n't going to have her do anything. In realistic novels, people don't have aspirations. Or, if they do have them," with a sudden recolection, "they don't amount to anything. I was just going to let her go to some teas and theatricals, and perhaps try to do a little artistic work, or something, and find she could n't ——"

"But is n't that very discouraging to your readers, Effie?"

"Yes, of course it's discouraging; but, then, it ought to be discouraging. In real life, people don't find they can do everything they desire; and it is very silly to do as the old-fashioned novelists did, and represent heroes and heroines as accomplishing everything they undertake without any trouble at all, and undertaking, too, the most unheard-of and difficult things. I was just going to let my heroine go to Mount Desert in the summer, and to Washington in the winter, and put in a few clever little sketches of society life, and then stop. A realistic novel does n't have to come to a climax, you know."

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"But what do you know yet about society, Effie? And how can you write about Washington when you have never been there? Would n't that require too much imagination for an author who means to be purely realistic?"

"No; because, you see, the things I should imagine would be real. I should n't invent dragons and duels and knights and talismans, and all sorts of things that never existed——"

"Oh, but, Effie!" interrupted Lilian, "knights and duels did exist once."

"Yes, once; but they were never very common, and they were never worth writing about anyhow. It's perfectly proper to invent things, because, of course, our imagination is a real thing, too, and it must be meant for something; only we must invent things just like those we see every day."

"Then I don't see where the invention comes in," remarked Lilian, promptly. "I don't think it takes much imagination to write about a girl's going to a tea; and, as you say, it seems to me we were meant to use our imagination for something."

"I'll come to your help, Effie, this time," said her father. "It's all right about using our imagination for common things; only you make a mistake in thinking that imagination is inventing things. Imagination is not inventing things; it is seeing things; but it is seeing things that are out of sight—it is seeing intellectual and spiritual things, just as the eye sees really visible things."

"Then, Papa," said Effic, triumphantly, "you ought not to have found fault with my imagination when I said Margaret Wharton's teeth were like pearls. They were 'hid from view,' but I could see with my imagination perfectly well what they were like."

"Quite true; and I did n't find fault with you for telling us they were like pearls. I only said that, from your own point of view, you ought not to tell us, because you said when you started out that you were only going to describe what you saw. I think you will find out, as you go on, that it requires a great deal more imagination to write a realistic novel than to write a fairy-tale; because the object of a realistic story is not to repeat common things, but to interest people in common things; not to create uncommon things, but to show people that common things are not by any means so uninteresting as they seem at first sight. The realistic writer must see, not new things, but new qualities in things; and to do that, he must have plenty of imagination. He must understand not only what his heroine's teeth are like, though they are 'hid from view,' but what her thoughts are like, though they also are hid from view. This is the difference, Effie: those whom you call the

'old-fashioned writers' imagined that they must describe the thoughts and looks and clothes and actions of a princess, or some creature out of the range of every-day life; but the realistic writers have discovered that the thoughts and clothes and looks and actions of a little beggar-girl can be made just as interesting to people, if only you can see what is unseen about them with your mind's eye. Now, which would you say had really the nobler imagination - a man who went into his library and wrote a remarkable poem about the golden apples of the Hesperides, that were pure creations of his fancy, or Sir Isaac Newton when he went and sat down under a common appletree, and set his imagination to work to find out what made the apple fall to the ground? The realistic writer is satisfied with the every-day appletree - that is quite certain; but here is your mistake about him, Effie: He is n't satisfied with telling you that the apples fell; he shows you how they fell, and what a great, beautiful, wonderful law of the universe caused them to fall; and he makes you feel that the law was all the more beautiful and wonderful for not applying merely to one particular apple, or even to the whole class of apple-trees, but to everything."

"Only that sounds, Papa, as if the realists went into long and elaborate paragraphs about things, and I'm sure they don't. They never stop long enough to talk about a thing, or describe a law; they just make you see things, and they always seem to be the same old things you have always seen before."

"But with a difference, Effie; with a difference. A little while ago you spoke of one of Mr. Howells's heroines who tried to do something and could n'r. I suppose you mean the poor rich girl who lost all her money, and found that all her fine education did not help her a bit when it came to earning her living. Now if Mr. Howells had merely meant by that to show girls how absurd it was for them to try to do anything, it would have been a very cruel story; but I think he merely meant to show the parents what scrappy sort of education they were giving their daughters, with all the money they were spending for it."

"But don't you think you are very cruel to me now, Papa, when I am trying to do something, and you are doing all you can to discourage me?"

"You said a little while ago, Effie, that it was a good thing to discourage people; that that was what the realistic novel was for."

Effie smiled through her tears.

"But only to discourage people from expecting too fine results, Papa; not to discourage them from trying."

"And I don't wish to discourage you from try-

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ing. Only I wish you to try the right thing. When I said a common apple-tree was better than the Hesperides, I did n't mean to deny that the Hesperides are good in their way. I like realistic novels, really realistic novels, very much; but I like wholly imaginative stories too; and I think those pretty and delicate touches of yours about Margaret Wharton's little ears listening to what people said about her face, and the little feather that curled around her hat as if it liked to be there,

show that you have a genuine gift at fancy; and if I were you, I would n't despise fancy, for it is really a very good trait in an author."

So it happened that next day at recess, Effic informed her friends:

"I've given up my novel, and I'm just going to try fairy-tales." And she added, with a little sigh, "Papa says that I may write very good fairy-tales, but that I have n't imagination enough to be a realistic writer."

THE PORCELAIN STOVE.

BY AVERY MCALPINE.

PART I.



ERE was once a little boy by the name of Hans, who lived with his father whose name also was Hans—in a small house in the Black Forest. This forest is in Germany, and it is called "black" because the trees have very black

trunks and branches, and because they stand so near together that even on a bright day it is dark in the forest, and one always feels, when one is there, as though the night were coming on.

In this forest dwell many poor peasants who are able to make enough money to furnish themselves with black bread and a coarse kind of cheese, by carving all kinds of curious things out of wood.

Often these wood-carvers are very good artists; for they all, from father to son, learn to use their knives as they sit by their firesides during the long, dark, winter evenings; and by that flickering light they shape many wonderful and beautiful figures.

Thus had the little boy Hans sat night after night by his father's side, fashioning wood into odd shapes and giving to the figures which he made more of reality than ever his father could give, though he had worked at the craft for many long years.

Little Hans could scarcely remember his delicate mother. She had found the Black Forest too dark and drear for her southern brightness, and when he was a very little child, she had given Hans her last kiss, and gone where the sun always shines.

Thus the father and son had become inseparable companions.

Hans knew that they had not always been so poor; that sometime—ever so long before—his father had been young like himself; that at that time his father had lived a long way off in a village of many houses—perhaps forty altogether; that there was a church, and a grand castle on the hill, and that very grand people lived therein; that his father's father had lived in one of the houses belonging to the castle, and had been the trusted steward of the lord of the castle. All this and much more had Hans often heard, for his father loved to talk of those good old times: and often the elder Hans did not know when his little son had gone quite asleep in front of the fire, or had stolen off to the shelf in the wall, which he called his bed.

But there was one story that never lost its interest for little Hans, that could arouse him even after the first sleepy nods, and that was the story of the porcelain stove. The porcelain stove was the only relic of "those better days," of which they loved to talk, that his father had been able to keep; but in spite of want, almost of suffering, he had never been willing to part with the porcelain stove.

It was large and beautiful. So large that it quite touched their humble ceiling, and it was of a design' so rare that many a time an artist or traveler, who had stopped to buy some curiously carved wooden image and had espied this stove in its poor surroundings, had offered to buy it from Father Hans for a good round sum.

But, no! — The thought of his boyhood and his old home, with its comforts and associations,

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always prevented him from parting with this curious heirloom.

Many an hour had little Hans stood before this great white stove, with its pictures of beautiful women and gallant gentlemen, with its scenes of country life and city fashion, and had woven for himself wonderful fancies that seemed to make the painted people live.

He would play that he was the gay "milord" in powdered wig, lace ruffles, satin coat and waistcoat; and then he would imagine what the fair dame was saying, who, in hoop and stately satin, received with so much grace and condescension her fan from milord's taper fingers.

There was one other picture that claimed even more of Hans's attention than did the gallant lords and dainty ladies, and that was one of a deep green forest. There he saw trees such as he had known ever since his eyes had opened upon the real forest. There was the very sunlight falling aslant the black tree-trunks, just as Hans had often seen it shine before it disappeared altogether on their longest summer days. What could make him feel the warmth of the sunlight, and yet, when he put his hand upon it, was after all only some color laid on a cold porcelain stove?

Much did the boy marvel, and always the mystery was unsolved. Hans wondered what the world could be like outside the Black Forest, and above all where did the wonderful artists live who could on cold porcelain make glow such living pictures.

All the artistic nature within the child grew and developed, as he gazed and longed for the secret by which he, too, could create like marvels.

He knew that there was something within him that could not find its full expression with only his knife and a block of wood for tools. He could carve a leaf with all its delicate veinings and wonderful variety of indentation; but how could he produce the tree with its branches clothed in myriad leaves, all fluttering, and dipping, and turning, as the wind swayed and rocked the branches?

Well he knew that there was a way to express even the ever-changing light that played upon the mosses that grew, a soft carpet, under his feet.

All these thoughts and longings did Hans keep shut up within his own breast; for how could his father, who toiled each day to provide their bread, and who looked upon wood-carving only as a means to this end—how could he understand what the child only knew, as he knew some of the legends of the forest, to dream over and yet to doubt their reality.

Often had the lad tried to find out some of the wonders of the great world from his father; but the reply was always, "What has that to do with thee, my child? There is no need for thee to know aught but how to earn thy bread—and what have we poor peasants to do with cities and grand folk, unless it be to carve so well that some of their good gold will come to us and keep the 'angry wolf' from the door?"

And thus the child grew until the age of ten in his mind living the life the pictures made for him, and in his real life suffering privation and distress.

Often, when on summer nights some neighbors lingered to speak a word to his father, he would hear them say:

"Of what use is it to thee to keep a great stove like that?"

"It might bring thee fifty marks, and then no more wouldst thou have to give thy boy only half enough black bread."

"Who of us can keep anything for remembrance, that can he turned into honest marks?"

All this did Hans hear and remember, too, although no one dreamed that he cared for the porcelain stove.

At last came a very severe winter, the frost keeping the peasants housed, and with scant provision.

Hans the father kept on carving wooden figures, and Hans the child had the best of their scanty fare. It was a cruel winter for the poor. Germany will long remember it.

One day there came a traveler who was walking through the forest, for even in those days of frost and cold there would be now and then a traveler who would stop with them for rest and refreshment.

He talked much, as he ate the good luncheon he had brought in his wallet, and examined with interest the carvings of father and son. At length he asked why one who seemed so poor should possess so beautiful and rare a stove?

The story was told, and with many sighs the father said he feared the time had come when he must part with it,

"Run, Hans, to the loft!" he said, "and carve thy block of wood until I call thee."

The boy climbed the ladder, but he had heard too much not to wish to hear more, and so he laid himself down near the door, with his block of wood in his hand, indeed, but with his knife quite idle by his side.

He could hear the stranger speak of a great artist in a distant city who would gladly give a large sum for a stove so rate and well preserved.

He heard his father's reply :

"The parting would be like a farewell spoken to a parent or a child; but necessity conquers the poor. We can not guard affection like the rich."

Then the traveler proposed to have the stove removed on a certain day, and reluctantly the poor

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carver gave his consent. The bargain was made. But little did the father think of the dreams pass-

ing and forming in his child's mind.

Inspired only by his love for beautiful things, and his desire to learn from a master, somewhere, how to create pictures as lovely as those upon the stove, this was the plan the boy formed—to travel, unknown to any one, inside of the stove, all the way to the artist who had bought it, and to beg the master to take him and teach him to be a great painter like himself!

It was all that Hans could do to prevent himself from running to tell his father at once. Never before had he kept anything secret from his good

father.

Nevertheless, something told him that his father would not approve of his plan, and in this way he would lose his one chance for getting out into the world and becoming a great artist.

. For great he always dreamed of being, could he but reach the far city and the master to whom he

and the stove would belong.

PART II.

AT last came the seventh night since Hans's resolve was taken; and he knew that the next morning the stove would commence its journey.

He said very little to his father that evening, but kissed him more than once before going to his bed

in the wall.

He waited quietly until all was still and he could hear his father's heavy breathing from his room in the loft. Then he arose. Quietly he went to the door, and pushed it open. He stood for a moment almost terror-stricken with the thought of what he was about to do. Then he crept softly out to the cattle-shed, where he found a bundle of straw. With this he returned, and put it inside the stove, making as good a bed as he could in the dark.

Then he brought a part of the loaf left from their evening meal, and a little cheese, for he did not know how long the journey would be, or how

hungry he might become.

These were all his preparations; and then he went once more to bed to wait for the dawn, when

he knew the carriers would arrive.

At the faint warning light that comes before the dawn, Hans arose. As he passed his father, he could scarcely keep from crying out, "I am going from thee, my father! Dost thou not know thy little son is leaving thee?" But he kept silent, and soon crept into the stove, and pulled the door shut after him.

Soon there was the sound of men's heavy tread outside, and Hans, the father, arose to let the carriers in, and to see his beloved stove taken from its corner, borne out, placed in a cart, and started on its long journey.

Little did he dream of his real loss, as he returned with downcast look to his poor house.

The roads were very rough from frost and thaw, and little Hans had a wearying ride.

He could hear from his companions who walked by the side of the cart, that this was the first stage of the trip. They were then on their way to the nearest railway station. Thence the journey would be made all the way by train.

Many conjectures had Hans as to what this part of the traveling would be like. He had heard of a wonderful machine that could carry people along at a great rate, faster than any horse could run; that it could fly over rivers and under mountains, and that one need do nothing but sit still and be carried. He had often wondered what it could be like, and now he was to try it. He was really on his way to life in the world! Yet he could think of nothing very quietly, or as he used by the fire at home; for the cart was ever jolting on, and but for his straw, Hans would have been badly bruised.

It was getting quite late in the afternoon when Hans knew from the conversation of his companions that he must be approaching the village where he was to be consigned to the train.

"This turn to the left to avoid the hill and we shall be at the station," he overheard from his concealment.

When the cart was brought to a stop near the platform, the men once more took hold of the stove and lifted it with its weary little occupant to its place in the train.

Before long they were in motion, and Hans realized what flying through the air might mean. But cramped up in a white porcelain stove, he found it a very miserable means of progress. He ate a piece of his loaf, however, and from great

weariness at last fell asleep.

Some time during the night, while it was still perfectly dark, he was awakened by the very absence of motion and noise. He opened the stove door wide and looked out. All was dark and perfectly still. Not a person, not a thing moved. Not a voice was heard. Where he was, or what it could mean, Hans did not know. And for the first time he forgot that he meant to be a great artist, and wished himself back in the cottage in the Black Forest. Apparently the stove—and Hans inside the stove—had been forgotten.

At last the dawn came, the sun rose. Men appeared, talked, and went about their several occupations. Trains came whizing past; some stopping, and some going on, on, as though they were indeed fiery monsters.

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where the city could be to which he was going.

Late in the afternoon a donkey was fastened by a chain to his car, and was led off, down one track and up another, until finally, with a loud clank, the car was attached to a long train of cars, all looking alike. Then, after much bustle and

confusion, the locomotive gave a warning shriek, the bell was rung, Hans felt the stove once more begin to sway as it had done the day before - and they were off. Hans prayed that it might not now be far; for his cramped position and the want of food were giving him a strange feeling, which never in his life had he felt before.

On, on, all night long! Sway, sway, and pound, pound, over the rails. Sometimes the lad dozed and dreamed strange. fantastic dreams of grotesque wooden figures that could walk and talk: now they were as tall as the forest trees and quite as black, again they were little and gnarled like the dwarfs of which he had heard.

Many of the legends of the forest came back in troubled dreams to his wearied brain.

Then he would awaken, frightened, and put out his hand, and it would come in contact with something hard cold; and he would remember the stove, and where he was, and what the motion meant.

He ate the morsel of bread that remained, but it was so tiny that he only became hungrier. At last he sank down in a half stupor and dreamed more fantastic dreams, until he was aroused by the train's stopping.

Hans was in a large station, and many men were busily working to clear the train of merchandise.

Hans ate more of his bread, and wondered solid foundation, which seemed to be the station platform.

No one paid any regard to the stove, except to gaze at it curiously now and then, and no one came to claim it.

Hans felt that he could not be silent much longer - he would have to scream, or jump out



"HANS KEPT SILENT, AND SOON CREPT INTO THE STOVE."

of the stove, or do something to show he was there, or else perish with fatigue.

When he felt that he could bear no more, he heard a man ask :

"Is this stove for my master, Herr Makart?" and the station master answered:

" It is so addressed."

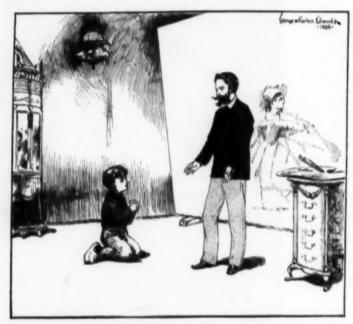
Then there was a pause, and soon after, four Soon Hans felt the stove lifted and placed on a men came and carried the stove to a cart. The messenger got up in front, and with a cheerful chirrup to his horses, they started on the last stage of the journey.

Up hill and down, through what seemed miles and miles to the tired prisoner, they took their course. It was not far beyond the city, but to the child—poor little artist!—how did he support his weariness?

At last, a long, straight drive, a sharp turn, and the horses are drawn up before a tall, stately villa, and Hans heard many voices, but one sweet and melodious above the rest. lifted him in his strong arms, and soon saw the little fellow's eyes open and gaze into his own with perfect confidence.

Then Hans sat up and said:

"Oh, dear master, do not send me away! I have come leagues and leagues from my home in the Black Forest to be with you. Will you teach me to be a great artist like you, dear master? The pictures on the white stove are beautiful, but I can learn to paint those for which you will care more, if only you will let me live with you. I have come all the way in the white stove to be with you."



"LITTLE HANS SPRANG FROM THE STOVE AND THREW HIMSELF AT THE MASTER'S FEET."

"Oh! my beautiful stove! you have come at last! Carry it straight to my studio, that I may look at and enjoy it in its place."

Up stairs the stove was carried—and Hans too, wishing all the time that he might be alone with the gentle voice, for he felt sure it was the master's.

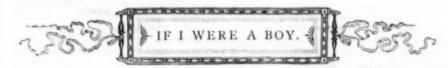
At last the stove was placed, the master directing, and sometimes laying his hand on the perfect work of art. The men were dismissed, and with one cry of weariness and appeal for care, little Hans sprang from the stove and threw himself at the master's feet.

The master stooped to lift the child, but found him quite fainted away. He gave him water, The master gave the child one word of promise, laid him on the sofa to rest, and then bade his servants prepare a room for the "little artist."

And by this name he was ever afterwards called in the house of the master until many years had passed. For Hans's father, when he learned all that his son had undergone for the sake of the art that he loved, resigned him—not without many pangs—into the gentle protection of his famous friend. And in later years the father's self-sacrifice was well repaid by the son, who had, indeed, become "great"—greater than he ever dreamed of being when as a little child he planned the journey in the porcelain stove.

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By WASHINGTON GLADDEN.



ONE cold winter day, not long ago, I was sitting in the study of a minister, up in Connecticut. He is a rather sober-faced man. but one who knows something about boys and girls: and in our talk he told me that he had just been giving his young friends two lectures on these subjects: "What I would do if I were a Boy," and "What I would do if I were a Girl."

"Capital!" I said. "Are those titles copyrighted?"

"No," he answered.
"Very well," I said:

"I'll use them, then, some time."

"You're welcome to them," was his reply.

So that is where I got the hint out of which this article has grown. I don't know what my friend said to his boys and girls; no doubt it was sensible and kindly counsel; but he has given me a good handle for my talk (and for a talk, as well as for a tool, a handle is sometimes very important), and I have given him these few words of acknowledgment, as a royalty on his invention. But I must get to work, or you may think that the tool that I have fitted to this handle is going to be an auger.

I suppose that there is not a man alive who ever was a boy, nor any woman neither, who never was a boy (no, nor any girl, for that matter), who is not often thinking (and speaking out the thought, too, very often) of what he or she would do if he or she were a boy. Men often wish that they were boys. There was a song I used to hear them sing: "I would I were a Boy again!"

That feeling comes over most men very strongly, now and then. And the reason why men sometimes wish that they were boys again is, I suppose, that they see many mistakes that they made when they were boys, and think that if they could try it over again, they could do better—that they would shun some of the errors that have marred their lives. But, then, if they were boys again, they would be nothing but boys, just as

liable to make mistakes the second time as the first, just as ignorant, and just as headstrong. And, for my part, after soberly thinking the matter over, I have come to the conclusion that I would not try it over again if I had the chance. I have made some sad mistakes, but the second time I might make sadder ones. If I could take my experience back with me to boyhood, if I could start at ten or twelve with all or even part of the lessons learned that I have spent all these years in learning, then I would gladly try it over again, I know that I should avoid many serious errors, that I should make much more of life the second time. It is idle for me to think of that; that can not be. But I believe that we are placed together as we are, in families and in society, the old and the young together, in order that the experience of those who are older may be of use to those who are younger.

Suppose that I have been climbing a certain mountain. The paths are blind and wholly unfamiliar to me, and I meet with several mishaps; losing my way more than once, and having to retrace my steps, but succeeding, at length, in gaining the summit. On my return, at the foot of the mountain I meet you, and some such conversation as this takes place:

"Hullo! Going up the mountain?"

"Yes, sir."

" Ever climbed it?"

"No, sir,"

"Don't know the road then?"

"No; but I guess I'll find it easy enough. Lots of people have found the way up, and I'm sure I can."

"Oh, yes; you'll find it, I hope. Though, for that matter, a great many people have missed it too. But, look here! I can tell you something. You keep right on this path, and by and by you'll come to a big bowlder, and then the path divides; the one that goes to the left looks the best and the most direct, but it is n't; I tried it and it landed me in a swamp in which I came near being stuck. The right road, then, is the right road."

"All right! Thank you! I'll remember that."

"Then just above, half a mile or so, there 's a big spruce-tree across the path; there you must turn to the left. I went off to the right and was

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lost in the woods, and it was two hours before I found my way back."

"Thank you! Big spruce tree across the path; turn to the left. I'll remember."

"Yes. And then, when you come to a spring, a mile or so further on, - a spring at the root of a beech-tree, - don't go straight on past the spring, as the path seems to lead you; turn, there, sharp up the bank. It will be something of a scramble, but you will strike a better path then that will take you up to a view of the South Valley, that they all say is the finest view on the mountain. missed it, but you don't want to."

"No; of course not! Much obliged. Goodmorning!"

"Good-morning!"

Such talk as that would be sensible enough, would it not? You would not object in the least to having me give you points, in that way, about the best path up the mountain. You would take my word without hesitation. Well, those of us who are a little older have been up the mountain of life ahead of you, and we have got out of the path now and then, and have learned a great deal, by bitter experience, about right turnings and wrong turnings, about swamps and thickets and pitfalls and precipices; and we sometimes feel very anxious to give you, who are now on your way up, a few hints from our own experience - warnings and directions that we know would be of use to you. And, though boys are sometimes headstrong and conceited, and think they know a great deal more about the road than their fathers and uncles and grandfathers ever knew, yet most of them are sometimes willing to hear what we have to say, and are thankful to be told. I believe that you are willing, and, therefore, I have stopped you for a few minutes at the foot of the mountain, to tell you some of the walks that I would n't take, and some of the roads that I would take, if I were going up again.

1. If, then, I were a boy again, and knew what I know now, I would not be quite so positive in my opinions as I used to be. Boys generally think that they are very certain about many things. A boy of fifteen is a great deal more sure of what he thinks he knows than is a man of fifty. You ask the boy a question and he will answer you right off, up and down; he knows all about it. Ask a man of large experience and ripe wisdom the same question, and he will say, "Well, there is much to be said about it. I am inclined, on the whole, to think so and so, but other intelligent

men think otherwise."

When I was eight years old I traveled from Central Massachusetts to Western New York, crossing the river at Albany, and going by canal from Schenectady to Syracuse. On the canalboat a kindly gentleman was talking to me one day, and I mentioned the fact that I had crossed the Connecticut River at Albany. How I got it in my head that it was the Connecticut River I do not know, for I knew my geography very well then; but in some unaccountable way I had it fixed in my mind that the river at Albany was the Connecticut, and I called it so.

"Why," said the gentleman, "that is the Hud-

son River."

"Oh, no, sir!" I replied, politely, but firmly. "You 're mistaken. That is the Connecticut River."

The gentleman smiled and said no more. I was not much in the habit, I think, of contradicting my elders; but in this matter, I was perfectly sure that I was right, and so I thought it my duty to correct the gentleman's geography. I felt rather sorry for him that he should be so ignorant. One day, after I reached home, I was looking over my route on the map, and lo! there was Albany standing on the Hudson River, a hundred miles from the Connecticut. Then I did not feel half so sorry for the gentleman's ignorance as I did for my own. I never told anybody that story until l wrote it down on these pages the other day; but I have thought of it a thousand times, and always with a blush for my boldness. Nor was it the only time that I was perfectly sure of things that really were not so. It is hard for a boy to learn that he may be mistaken; but, unless he is a fool, he learns it after a while. The sooner he finds it out, the better for him.

2. If I were a boy, I would not think that I and the boys of my time were exceptions to the general rule-a new kind of boys, unlike all who have lived before, having different feelings and different wants, and requiring to be dealt with in different ways. That is a tone which I sometimes hear boys taking. To be honest, I must own that I used to think so myself. I was quite inclined to reject the counsel of my elders by saying to myself, "That may have been well enough for boys thirty or fifty years ago, but it is n't the thing for me and my set of boys." But that was nonsense. The boys of one generation are not different from the boys of another generation. If we say that boyhood lasts fifteen or sixteen years, I have now known three generations of boys, .some of them city boys and some of them country boys, and they all are substantially alike - so nearly alike that the old rules of industry and patience and perseverance and self-control are as applicable to one generation as to another. The fact is, that what your fathers and teachers have found by experience to be good for boys will

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be good for you; and what their experience has taught them is bad for boys will be bad for you. You are just boys, nothing more nor less.

3. If I were a boy, I would not speak disrespectfully or contemptuously of or to a woman. Women and girls are different from men and boys; as a rule, they are not so strong physically; their ways of thinking and of judging are somewhat different from those of men; but they may be different without being inferior. The fact that they are different is no reason why you should think of them slightingly or treat them rudely. The nobler gentleman he is, the less possible it is for a man to think or speak disrespectfully of woman. You have read about the knights of chivalry and of the honor they always paid to women; they had rather far-fetched and fantastic ways of showing their respect, but the thing they stood up for was the manly thing. And if I were a boy, I should want to be a chivalrous boy in my treatment of women, and all the more if the woman were my sister or my mother. Some time or other, my boy, if you live to be an old man, you will stand where I have stood, at the grave of your mother; and, if there is any "man" in you, you will be sorry then for every word of disrespect you have ever spoken of a woman.

4. For much the same reasons, if I were a boy, I would never tease or abuse a smaller boy; and I would never ridicule any person, male or female, old or young, because he or she was lame or deformed or homely or awkward or ill-dressed, or unfortunate in any way. In fact, I do not believe that real boys ever do anything of this sort.

5. Another thing I would be careful about, if I were a boy, would be letting my love of fun lead me into trespassing upon other people's rights. Boys like a rousing good time, and they ought to have it; they enjoy making a noise, and they should have plenty of chances to make a noise; but they ought always to be careful lest their rough pleasure cause pain to some one else. That, you see, would be sheer selfishness. I have seen boys carry boisterous fun into places where everybody but the boys wanted it kept orderly and quiet, so that the enjoyment of others was spoiled that the boys might have a merry time. That is not fair play; and no thoughtful and manly boy will want to have his fun at such expense to the feelings of others. For this reason and for other reasons, if I were a boy, I would never play or whisper in any orderly public assembly, especially in a place of worship. I would be quiet and attentive and respectful always in prayer time, and in every devotional exercise, because I should remember that disorderly behavior at such times is not only irreverent, but that it is a great trespass upon the rights of others, who do not wish to have their attention distracted by such disturbances.

6. If I were a boy, I would not lie. I would suffer much before I would tell a falsehood or knowingly make a statement which would convey a falsehood. I would take great care not to fall into the habit of misstating or overstating the truth—of telling big stories. I would feel that the bottom fact of character is truthfulness, and that a boy who has habits of untruthfulness, who has fallen into the way of deceiving or concealing or coloring his statements, is a boy who needs to put right about, or he will soon be on the rocks. A boy whose word is good for nothing is in a very critical condition. He would better pull himself together and make up his mind very firmly to think twice before he speaks, and not to say a word that is not exactly true.

7. If I were a boy, I would not use profane words or foul words of any sort. Boys sometimes think it smart and manly to use bad language and to tell vile stories, but it is not. No gentleman ever defiles his lips in that way.

8. If I were a boy, I would not read such books and newspapers as I sometimes see boys reading. Much of this reading furnished for boys is positively bad — unclean, immoral, corrupting. I am told that books of this character are sometimes secreted and read stealthily; but the misguided and foul-minded fellows who could do a thing like this are not, I am sure, enrolled among the glorious company of manly chaps who read ST. NICHO-LAS. Many of the books and papers of which I am speaking are not vile, as a rule, but they are hurtful, nevertheless, to the minds and the morals of the boys who read them. I know boys who have read so much flashy fiction that they can not take any sober and sensible views of life; they seem to have lost the power to study: they never read anything but fiction, and that of the lightest sort; the most entertaining book of history or science is a bore to them; their minds are so feeble and so feverish that they are wholly unfitted for the work of life. If you want to keep your mental grip and your moral soundness, never abuse your minds by feeding them on this sensational fodder.

9. If I were a boy, I would not use tobacco in any way. There are men who think it right to smoke, and I am not going to discuss the question as respects men; but whatever may be said of them, there is no intelligent man anywhere, whether he himself smokes or does not smoke, whether he thinks it right or wrong for men to smoke, who does not think it always wrong for a boy. It might be right for your father and utterly wrong for you. There is a great difference between the effects of tobacco upon a growing person and its effects upon one who has got his

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growth. It hurts a growing boy a great deal more than it hurts a grown man. I have my doubts whether any one ever uses it habitually without being injured by it; but it is perfectly certain—all the doctors agree on this—that it is always injurious for boys. Here, for example, is the word of one doctor who thinks it no harm for some men to use it: "To young persons," he says, "under twenty-five years or so, tobacco, even in small quantities, is so apt to disorder health, in some way or other, that for such it should be considered generally harmful."

10. For the same reason, if I were a boy, I would not drink beer or wine or any kind of alcoholic liquor. Here, too, there is a dispute among the doctors, some of them saying that men may sometimes drink wine or beer without harm; but here, too, they all are perfectly agreed that for boys such drinks are always harmful. A great many boys in this country are learning to drink beer. Some of them think that there is no harm in it. But in thousands of cases, it has brought a deadly train of misery along with it. It has crippled many a man's best powers; it has been the beginning of drunkenness and of blighted lives. And not only because of the probable harm to yourselves, but because of the trouble and poverty and sorrow that it causes all over the land, have nothing to do with it.

I have used much of my time in telling you what I would not do if I were a boy; let me say a few words about what I would do.

1. I would have a good time, if I could. I do not put this first because it is the main thing; nevertheless, it is an important thing. There are some little fellows who are not able to have a very good time. Sometimes a boy's father dies, or there is sickness and trouble in his family, and he is compelled to go to work in early boyhood, and to work hard all the time, with small chance for fun. When such a duty is laid upon a boy, of course he must do it, and if he is the right sort of fellow, he will do it bravely and cheerfully; many a boy has shown his manliness in this way. The courage and devotion of some boys whom I have known, in shouldering such burdens as these, are beyond all praise. But this is not the kind of life that we would choose for a boy. He ought to work, no matter what his circumstances may be; he ought to spend in some useful way a considerable portion of his time out of school hours; but then he ought to play, as well as to work; to be a lively. merry, hearty lad. If I were a boy, I would be expert, if I could, at all right manly sports; I would be glad to be the strongest, swiftest, jolliest fellow on the playground. But I would do my work thoroughly first, and take my pastime afterward with a good conscience.

2. I would have my outdoor fun, too, in the daytime, and stay at home in the evening. Home is the right place for boys in the evenings. The boy who stays at home evenings is not only safest, he is also happiest. The kind of diversion he gets by roaming the streets of a city after dark is a kind that makes him restless and miserable; it unfits him for any quiet and reposeful life. Now the truth is, boys, that it is just as necessary for you to learn how to enjoy a quiet time, as it is to learn how to enjoy a noisy and exciting time; and evening is the time, and home is the place, for you to cultivate this gentler part of your nature, the part that will make you a gentleman.

3. If I were a boy, I would consider it a large part of a boy's business to learn to work. Work is not naturally pleasant to many of us; the taste for it has to be acquired. Youth is the time to acquire it. You can learn to take a tough problem in arithmetic, or an abstruse chapter in physics, or a long Greek conjugation, and put everything else out of your mind, and think right at it, just as intently as if it were a ball game. until it is finished. You can learn to take any other difficult and troublesome job, and fasten your thought and energy upon it, and do it thoroughly. This power of concentration and perseverance is one main thing to learn. Knowing what I now know about life, I am sure that if I were a boy again, this would be one of the things that I should try hardest to learn.

4. I would learn, too, to obey. That is one of the manliest traits of character, after all—obedience. It is what makes a soldier. To be able promptly and cheerfully to conform to all rightful authority, to bend your will to the wills of those who are directing your work—this is a noble virtue. It is a great part of discipline to acquire it. The time to acquire it is boyhood.

5. I would learn self-control. Boys are generally creatures of impulse. What they feel like doing they are apt to rush ahead and do, without stopping to consider whether it is wise or not. In the craving for pleasure of one sort or another, they are not always willing to hear reason. But, unless he is going to make shipwreck of life, every boy must learn to draw the rein, not only over temper, but over desire, and to say to himself now and then, "Hold on! I'm doing this, and I'm not going to be a fool; let's see what is right and best before we go any further." The power to pull himself up in this way and use his reason and his judgment, instead of letting impulse determine his conduct, is a power that, if I were a boy again, I should begin to cultivate very early in life.

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PINE-NEEDLES.

BY WILLIAM H. HAYNE.

IF Mother Nature patches The leaves of trees and vines, I'm sure she does her darning With needles of the pines!

They are so long and slender; And sometimes, in full view, They have their thread of cobwebs, And thimbles made of dew!





(Founded on an incident of the Monmouth Rebellion.)

BY ELIA W. PEATTIE.

people of old Edinburgh were filled with trouble and excitement. King Charles the Second, of England, was dead, and his brother, the Duke of York, reigned in his stead to the dissatisfaction of a great number of the people.

The hopes of this class lay with the young Duke of Monmouth, the ambitious and disinherited son of Charles the Second, who, on account of the King's displeasure, had been living for some time at foreign courts. On hearing of the accession of his uncle, the Duke of York, to the throne, Monmouth yielded to the plans of the English and Scottish lords who favored his own pretensions, and prepared to invade England with a small but enthusiastic force of men.

The Duke of Argyle, the noblest lord of Scot-

In the midsummer of 1685, the hearts of the the invasion at the north, while Monmouth should enter England at the west, gather the yeomanry about him and form a triumphant conjunction with Argyle in London, and force the "usurper," as they called King James the Second, from his throne.

Both landings were duly made. The power of Monmouth's name and rank rallied to his banner at first a large number of adherents; but their defeat at Sedgemoor put an end to his invasion. And the Duke of Argyle, a few days after his landing in Scotland, was met by a superior force of the King's troops. Retreating into a morass, his soldiers were scattered and dispersed. Many of his officers deserted him in a panic of fear. The brave old nobleman himself was taken prisoner, and beheaded at Edinburgh, while all the people secretly land, who also was an exile, undertook to conduct mourned. He died without betraying his friends,

though the relentless King of England threatened to compel him to do so, by the torture of the thumbscrew and the rack.

Many of his officers and followers underwent the same fate; and among those imprisoned to await execution was a certain nobleman, Sir John Cochrane, who had been made famous by other political intrigues. His friends used all the influence that their high position accorded them to procure his pardon, but without success; and the unfortunate baronet, a moody and impulsive man by nature, felt that there was no escape from the terrible destiny, and prepared to meet it in a manner worthy of a follower of the brave old duke. But he had one friend on whose help he had not counted.

In an upper chamber of an irregular, manystoried mansion far down the Canongate, Grizel Cochrane, the imprisoned man's daughter, sat through the dread hours waiting to learn her father's sentence. There was too little doubt as to what it would be. The King and his generals meant to make merciless examples of the leaders of the rebellion. Even the royal blood that flowed in the veins of Monmouth had not saved his head from the block. This proud prince, fleeing from the defeat of Sedgemoor, had been found hiding in a ditch, covered over with the ferns that flourished at the bottom. Grizel wept as she thought of the young duke's horrible fate. She remembered when she had last seen him about the court at Holland, where she had shared her father's exile. Gay, generous, and handsome, he seemed a creature born to live and rule. What a contrast was the abject, weeping coward covered with mud and slime, who had been carried in triumph to the grim Tower of London to meet his doom! The girl had been taught to believe in Monmouth's rights, and she walked the floor trembling with shame and impatience as she thought of his bitter She walked to the little dormer window and leaned out to look at the gray castle. far up the street, with its dull and lichen-covered walls. She knew that her father looked down from the barred windows of one of the upper apartments accorded to prisoners of state. She wondered if a thought of his little daughter crept in his mind amid his ruined hopes. The grim castle frowning at her from its rocky height filled her with dread; and shuddering, she turned from it toward the street below to let her eyes follow absently the passers-by. They whispered together as they passed the house, and when now and then some person caught a glimpse of her face in the ivy-sheltered window, she only met a look of commiseration. No one offered her a happy greeting.

"They all think him doomed," she cried to herself. "No one hath the grace to feign hope." Bitter tears filled her eyes, until suddenly through the mist she was conscious that some one below was lifting a plumed hat to her. It was a stately gentleman with a girdled vest and gorgeous coat and jeweled sword-hilt.

"Mistress Cochrane," said he, in that hushed voice we use when we wish to direct a remark to one person, which no one else shall overhear, "I have that to tell thee which is most important."

"Is it secret?" asked Grizel, in the same guarded tone that he had used.

"Yes," he replied, without looking up, and continuing slowly in his walk, as if he had merely exchanged a morning salutation.

"Then," she returned, hastily, "I will tell Mother; and we will meet thee in the twilight, at the side door under the balcony." She continued to look from the window, and the man sauntered on as if he had no care in the world but to keep the scarlet heels of his shoes from the dust. After a time Grizel arose, changed her loose robe for a more ceremonious dress, bound her brown braids into a prim gilded net, and descended into the drawing-room.

Her mother sat in mournful state at the end of the lofty apartment. About her were two ladies and several gentlemen, all conversing in low tones such as they might use, Grizel thought to herself, if her father were dead in the house. They all stopped talking as she entered, and looked at her in surprise. In those days it was thought very improper and forward for a young girl to enter a drawing-room uninvited, if guests were present. Grizel's eyes fell before the embarrassing scrutiny, and she dropped a timid courtesy, lifting her greef silken skirts daintily, like a high-born little maiden, as she was. Lady Cochrane made a dignified apology to her guests and then turned to Grizel.

"Well, my daughter?" she said, questioningly.
"I pray thy pardon, Mother," said Grizel, in a trembling voice, speaking low, that only her mother might hear; "but within a few moments Sir Thomas Hanford will be secretly below the balcony, with news for us."

The lady half rose from her seat, trembling.

"Is he commissioned by the governor?" she asked.

"I can not tell," said the little girl; but here her voice broke, and regardless of the strangers, she flung herself into her mother's lap, weeping: "I am sure it is bad news of Father!" Lady Cochrane wound her arm about her daughter's waist, and, with a gesture of apology, led her from the room. Half an hour later she re-entered it hurriedly, followed by Grizel, who sank unnoticed in the deep embrasure of a window, and shivered there behind the heavy folds of the velvet hangings.

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"SOME ONE BELOW WAS LIFTING A PLUMED HAT TO HER."

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"I have just received terrible intelligence, my friends," announced Lady Cochrane, standing, tall and pale, in the midst of her guests. "The governor has been informally notified that the next post from London will bring Sir John's sentence. He is to be hanged at the Cross." There was a perfect silence in the dim room; then one of the ladies broke into loud sobbing, and a gentleman led Lady Cochrane to a chair, while the others talked apart in earnest whispers.

"Who brought the information?" asked one of the gentlemen, at length. "Is there not hope that it is a false report?"

"I am not at liberty," said Lady Cochrane, "to tell who brought me this terrible news; but it was a friend of the governor, from whom I would not have expected a service. Oh, is it too late," she cried, rising from her chair and pacing the room, "to make another attempt at intercession? Surely something can be done!"

The gentleman who had stood by her chair—a gray-headed, sober-visaged man—returned answer:

"Do not count on any remedy now, dear Lady Cochrane. I know this new King. He will be relentless toward any one who has questioned his right to reign. Besides, the post has already left London several days, and will doubtless be here by to-morrow noon."

"I am sure," said a gentleman who had not yet spoken, "that if we had a few days more he might be saved. They say King James will do anything for money, and the wars have emptied his treasury. Might we not delay the post?" he suggested, in a low voice.

"No," said the gray-headed gentleman; "that is utterly impossible."

Grizel, shivering behind the curtain, listened with eager ears. Then she saw her mother throw herself into the arms of one of the ladies and break into ungoverned sobs. The poor girl could stand no more, but glided from the room unnoticed and crept up to her dark chamber, where she sat, repeating aimlessly to herself the words that by chance had fixed themselves strongest in her

memory: "Delay the post - delay the post!"

The moon arose and shone in through the panes, making a wavering mosaic on the floor as it glimmered through the wind-blown ivy at the window. Like a flash, a definite resolution sprang into Grizel's mind. If, by delaying the post, time for intercession with the King could be gained, and her father's life so saved, then the post must be delayed! But how? She had heard the gentleman say that it would be impossible. She knew that the postboy went heavily armed, to guard against the highwaymen who frequented the roads in search of plunder. This made her think of the

wild stories of masked men who sprung from some secluded spot upon the postboys, and carried off the letters and money with which they were intrusted.

Suddenly she bounded from her seat, stood still a moment with her hands pressed to her head, ran from her room, and up the stairs which led to the servants' sleeping apartments. She listened at a door, and then, satisfied that the room was empty, entered, and went straight to the oaken wardrobe. By the light of the moon she selected a jacket and a pair of trousers. She looked about her for a hat and found one hanging on a peg near the window; then she searched for some time before she found a pair of boots. They were worn and coated with mud.

"They are all the better," she said to herself, and hurried on tiptoe down the corridor. She went next to the anteroom of her father's chamber. It was full of fond associations, and the hot tears sprung into her eyes as she looked about it. She took up a brace of pistols, examined them awkwardly, her hands trembling under their weight as she found at once to her delight and her terror that they were loaded. Then she hurried with them to her room.

Half an hour later, the butler saw a figure which he took to be that of Allen, the stable-boy, creeping down the back stairs, boots in hand.

"Whaur noo, me laddie?" he asked. "It's gey late for ye to gang oot the nicht."

"I hae forgot to bar the stable door," replied Grizel in a low and trembling voice, imitating as well as she could the broad dialect of the boy.

"Hech!" said the butler. "I ne'er hear ye mak sae little hammer in a' ver days."

She fled on. The great kitchen was deserted. She gathered up all the keys from their pegs by the door, let herself quietly out, and sped across the yard to the stable. With trembling hands she fitted first one key and then another to the door until she found the right one. Once inside the stable, she stood irresolute. She patted Bay Bess, her own little pony.

"Thou wouldst never do, Bess," she said. "Thou art such a lazy little creature." The round, fat carriage-horses stood there. "You are just holiday horses, too," said Grizel to them, "and would be winded after an hour of the work I want you for to-night." But in the shadow of the high stall stood Black Ronald, Sir John Cochrane's great, dark battle-horse, that riderless, covered with dust and foam, had dashed down the Canongate after the terrible rout of Argyle in the bogs of Leven-side, while all the people stood and stared at the familiar steed, carrying, as he did, the first silent message of disaster. Him Grizel unfastened and led out.

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nose with the experienced touch of a horsewoman; "and I 'll give thee a chance to-night to show that thou art as loyal as ever." Her hands were cold with excitement, but she managed to buckle the saddle and bridle upon him, while the huge animal stood in restless expectancy, anxious to be gone. She drew on the boots without any trouble, and slipped the pistols into the holsters.

"I believe thou knowest what I would have of thee," said Grizel as she led the horse out into the vard and on toward the gateway. Frightened, as he half circled about her in his impatience, she undid the fastening of the great gates, but her strength was not sufficient to swing them open.

"Ronald," she said in despair, "I can not open the gates!" Ronald turned his head about and looked at her with his beautiful eyes. He seemed to be trying to say, "I can."

"All right," said Grizel, as if he had spoken. She mounted the black steed, laughed nervously as she climbed into the saddle. "Now," she said, "go on!" The horse made a dash at the gates, burst them open, and leaped out into the road. He curveted about for a moment, his hoofs striking fire from the cobble-stones. Then Grizel turned his head down the Canongate, away from the castle. She knew the point at which she intended to leave the city, and toward that point she headed Black Ronald. The horse seemed to know he was doing his old master a service, as he took his monstrous strides forward. Only once did Grizel look backward, and then a little shudder, half terror, half remorse, struck her, for she saw her home ablaze with light, and heard cries of excitement borne faintly to her on the rushing night wind. They had discovered her flight. Once she thought she heard hoof-beats behind her, but she knew she could not be overtaken.

Through the streets, now narrow, now broad, now straight, now crooked, dashed Black Ronald and his mistress. Once he nearly ran down a drowsy watchman who stood nodding at a sharp corner, but horse and rider were three hundred yards away before the frightened guardian regained his composure and sprang his discordant

Now the houses grew scarcer, and presently the battlements of the town wall loomed up ahead, and Grizel's heart sank, for there were lights in the road. She heard shouts, and knew she was to be challenged. She firmly set her teeth, said a little prayer, and leaned far forward upon Black Ronald's neck. The horse gave a snort of defiance, shied violently away from a soldier who stood by the way, and then went through the

"Thou art a true hero," she said, rubbing his saddle-bow, and urged her steed on. On, on they went down the firm roadway lined on either side by rows of noble oaks - on, on, out into the country-side, where the sweet odor of the heather arose gracious and fragrant to the trembling girl. There was little chance of her taking a wrong path. The road over which the postboy came was the King's highway, always kept in a state of repair.

She gave herself no time to notice the green upland farms, or the stately residences which stood out on either hand in the moonlight. She concentrated her strength and mind on urging her horse forward. She was too excited to form a definite plan, and her only clear idea was to meet the postboy before daylight, for she knew it would not be safe to trust too much to her disguise. Now and then a feeling of terror flashed over her, and she turned sick with dread; but her firm purpose upheld her.

It was almost four in the morning, and the wind was blowing chill from the sea, when she entered the rolling woodlands about the Tweed. Grizel was shivering with the cold, and was so tired that she with difficulty kept her place in the saddle.

"We can not hold out much longer, Ronald," she said; "and if we fail, we can never hold up our heads again." Ronald, the sure-footed, stumbled and nearly fell. "It is no use," sighed Grizel; "we must rest." She dismounted, but it was some moments before her tired limbs could obey her will. Beside the roadway was a ditch filled with running water, and Grizel managed to lead Ronald down the incline to its brink, and let him drink. She scooped up a little in her hand and moistened her tongue; then, realizing that Ronald must not be allowed to stand still, she, with great difficulty, mounted upon his back again, and, heartsick, fearful, yet not daring to turn back, coaxed him gently forward.

The moon had set long before this, and in the misty east the sky began to blanch with the first gleam of morning. Suddenly, around the curve of the road where it leaves the banks of the Tweed, came a dark object. Grizel's heart leaped wildly. Thirty seconds later she saw that it was indeed a horseman. He broke into a song:

" The Lord o' Argyle cam' wi' plumes and wi' spears, And Monmouth he landed wi' gay cavaliers! The pibroch has caa'd every tartan thegither, B' thoosans their footsteps a' pressin' the heather; Th' North and the Sooth sent their bravest ones out, But a joust wi' Kirke's Lambs put them all to the rout."

By this time, the horseman was so close that Grizel could distinguish objects hanging upon the horse in front of the rider. They were the mailbags! For the first time she realized her weakness gateway like a shot. Grizel clung tightly to her and saw how unlikely it was that she would be

able to cope with an armed man. The blood rushed to her head, and a courage that was the inspiration of the moment took possession of her. She struck Black Ronald a lash with her whip.

"Go!" she said to him shrilly, while her heartbeats hammered in her ears, "Go!"

The astonished and excited horse leaped down the road. As she met the postboy, she drew Black Ronald, with a sudden strength that was born of the danger, back upon his haunches. His huge body blocked the way.

"Dismount!" she cried to the other rider. Her voice was hoarse from fright, and sounded strangely in her own ears. But a wild courage nerved her, and the hand that drew and held the pistol was as firm as a man's. Black Ronald was rearing wildly, and in grasping the reins tighter, her other hand mechanically altered its position about the pistol.

She had not meant to fire, she had only thought to aim and threaten, but suddenly there was a flash of light in the gray atmosphere, a dull reverberation, and to the girl's horrified amazement she saw the horse in front of her stagger and fall heavily to the ground. The rider, thrown from his saddle, was pinned to the earth by his horse and stunned by the fall. Dizzy with pain and confused by the rapidity of the assault, he made no effort to draw his weapon.

The mail-bags had swung by their own momentum quite clear of the horse in its fall, and now lay loosely over its back, joined by the heavy strap.

It was a painful task for the exhausted girl to dismount, but she did so, and, lifting the cumbersome leathern bags, she threw them over Black Ronald's neck. It was yet more painful to her tender heart to leave the poor fellow she had injured lying in so pitiable a condition, but her father's life was in danger, and that, to her, was of more moment than the postboy's hurts.

"Heaven forgive me," she said, bending over him. "I pray this may not be his death!" She clambered over the fallen horse and mounted Ronald, who was calm again. Then she turned his head toward Edinboro' Town and hurriedly urged him forward. But as she sped away from the scene of the encounter, she kept looking back, with an awe-struck face, to the fallen postboy. In the excitement of the meeting and in her one great resolve to obtain her father's death-warrant, she had lost all thought of the risks she ran or of the injuries she might inflict; and it was with unspeakable relief, therefore, that she at last saw the postboy struggle to his feet, and stand gazing after her. "Thank Heaven, he is not killed!" she exclaimed again and again, as she now joyfully pressed Ronald into a gallop. Throughout the homeward journey,

Grizel made it a point to urge him to greater speed when nearing a farmhouse, so that there would be less risk of discovery. Once or twice she was accosted by laborers in the field, and once by the driver of a cart, but their remarks were lost upon the wind as the faithful Ronald thundered on. She did not feel the need of sleep, for she had forgotten it in all her excitement, but she was greatly exhausted and suffering from the effects of her rough ride.

Soon the smoke in the distance showed Grizel that her native town lay an hour's journey ahead. She set her teeth and said an encouraging word to the horse. He seemed to understand, for he redoubled his energies. Now the roofs became visible, and now, grim and sullen, the turrets of the castle loomed up. Grizel felt a great lump in her throat as she thought of her father in his lonely despair.

She turned Ronald from the road again and cut through a clump of elms. She came out in a few minutes and rode more slowly toward a smaller gate than the one by which she had left the city. A stout soldier looked at her carelessly and then turned to his tankard of ale, after he had noticed the mail-bags. Grizel turned into a crooked, narrow street lined on each side with toppling, frowning buildings. She drew rein before a humble house, and slipped wearily from her saddle and knocked at the door. An old woman opened the heavy oaken door and Grizel fell into her arms.

"The bags—the mail," she gasped, and fainted. When she recovered consciousness, she found herself on a low, rough bed. The old woman was bending over her.

"Losh keep me!" said the dame. "I did na ken ye! Ma puir bairnie! Hoo cam' ye by these?" and she pointed to the clothes of Allen.

"The bags?" said Grizel, sitting bolt upright—
"Are under the hearth," said the old woman.

"And Ronald?" continued Grizel.

"Is in the byre wi' the coos," said the other with a knowing leer. "Not a soul kens it. Ne'er a body saw ye come."

Breathlessly Grizel explained all to her old nurse, and then sprung off the bed. At her request the old dame locked the door and brought her the bags. By the aid of a sharp knife the pair slashed open the leathern covering, and the inclosed packets fell upon the floor. With trembling hands Grizel fumbled them all over, tossing one after another impatiently aside as she read the addresses. At last she came upon a large one addressed to the governor. With beating heart she hesitated a moment, and then tore the packet open with shaking fingers. She easily read the bold handwriting. Suddenly everything swam before her, and again she nearly fell into her companion's arms.

It was too true. What she read was a formal

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"GRIZEL SAW THE HORSE IN FRONT OF HER FALL HEAVILY TO THE GROUND,"

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warrant of the King, signed by his majesty, and stamped and sealed with red wax. It ordered the governor to hang Sir John Cochrane of Ochiltree at the Cross in Edinburgh at ten o'clock in the morning, on the third day of the following week. She clutched the paper and hid it in her dress.

The disposition of the rest of the mail was soon decided upon. The old lady's son Jock—a wild fellow—was to put the sacks on the back of a donkey and turn it loose outside the gates, at his earliest opportunity. And then Grizel, clad in some rough garments the old lady procured, slipped out of the house, and painfully made her way toward the Canongate.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon when she reached her home. The porter at the gate could scarcely be made to understand that the uncouth figure before him was his young mistress. But a moment later her mother was embracing her, with tears of joy.

All the male friends of Sir John were hastily summoned, and Grizel related her adventure, and displayed the death-warrant of her father. The hated document was consigned to the flames, a consultation was held, and that night three of the gentlemen left for London.

The next day, the donkey and the mail-sacka were found by a sentry, and some little excitement was occasioned; but when the postboy came in later, and related how he had been attacked by six stalwart robbers, and how he had slain two of them and was then overpowered and forced to surrender the bags, all wonderment was set at rest.

The Cochrane family passed a week of great anxiety, but when it was ended, the three friends returned from London with joyful news. The King had listened to their petition, and had ordered the removal of Sir John to the Tower of London, until his case could be reconsidered. So to London Sir John went; and after a time the payment of five thousand pounds to some of the King's advisers secured an absolute pardon. His lands, which had been confiscated, were restored to him: and on his arrival at his Scottish home. he was warmly welcomed by a great concourse of his friends. He thanked them in a speech, taking care, however, not to tell who was so greatly instrumental in making his liberation possible. But we may be sure that he was secretly proud of the pluck and devotion of his daughter Grizel.



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JENNY'S BOARDING-HOUSE.

BY JAMES OTIS.

CHAPTER I.

A PLAN AND A BABY.

"BUT it would cost more 'n a hundred dollars, an' I tell you what it is, fellers, we never could do it in the world."

"How do you know, Pin White? You never saw so much money, an' you never owned a house, so what 's the use tryin' to break it up before you find out what it is?"

"Oh, I don't know what it is, don't I? Well, what were you talkin' 'bout when you said you wanted us to help Jenny Wren start a boardin'-house? An' if I have n't found out about it, Ikey Jarvis, after all you 've said, s'pose you begin an' tell us what you mean?"

As Pinney White—whose name, by the way, when properly pronounced, was Alpenna—made these few remarks, which he believed to be in the highest degree sarcastic, he placed his thumbs where the armholes of his vest would have been for he had been wearing any such garment, and looked about at his companions in a satisfied and triumphant manner.

"Of course I didn't mean that," said Ikey quickly, understanding that by the use of such strong language he had given Pinney at least a temporary advantage over him. "What I say is, that you don't know anything bout startin' this kind of a boardin'-house."

"Well, what do you know of it?" asked Tom Downing, smiling in a manner that Ikey thought very disagreeable.

"I know what Jenny has told me," replied Master Jarvis almost angrily; and he then added more softly, "Now, fellers, this is jest the way Jenny talks, an' I tell you she has more sense in her little finger, even if she is only fifteen years old, than the whole of us together. Her mother owns fifty dollars, an' is so rheumatic that she won't be able to go out to work very much this winter, so she 's got to scare up some way of earnin' a livin'. So, Jenny says that if we fellers would come to board with her, an' bring all the others we know, there could be good deal of money made. She 's found a house over on Carpenter street that she can have for forty dollars a month, and it'll hold pretty near every feller in town what sells papers. She won't have any money to buy furniture with, after she pays the rent, an' she says that if each one of us five boys will put in ten dollars, that 'll be fifty dollars, an' we 'll own half the place, an' get our share of all she makes."

"Oh, that's different from what you said before," added Tom; and believing now that it was an opportunity to make money, instead of some charitable scheme, he began to look upon the matter with more favor.

"Then if we put in ten dollars, we can stay jest as long as we want to without payin' anything for board, can we?" asked Sam Tousey, his eyes opening wide as he believed he saw an opportunity of indulging his love of indolence.

"Of course not," replied Ikey quickly, and looking at Sam as scornfully as he dared. "S'posen we did that, how would Jenny have any money to run the house with? We 've got to pay our board jest the same as the others; but when she makes anything out of the place, we five will get half of it. Now do you understand?"

"Yes, I understand that part of it," said Jack Phinney quickly, and then he added in a tone of painful indecision, "What I'd like to know is where we fellers are goin' to get the money that she wants?"

"Earn it, of course," replied Ikey, who was looked upon as the wealthy member of the party. "You're allers talkin' 'bout not havin' any money, an' you an' Sam oughter be pardners. If you'd both work every day like the rest of us, an' took care of what you made, you'd have ten dollars now."

"We would, would we? Well, now that you're so smart about it, I don't believe you've got that much," retorted Jack.

"If I had all the fellers owe me I would, an' a good deal more," replied Ikey; "but I 've got pretty nigh enough anyhow."

"Let 's turn to an' find out jest how much we can raise; then we 'll know what we 're talkin' about," said Tom, who evidently had become deeply interested in the plan.

The boys had been standing in front of one of the large newspaper offices in New York City, where they had met after the morning's work was finished; and now, in accordance with Tom's proposition, they adjourned to the City Hall Park to count their treasure. Out of the way of any too officious policeman, and far enough from one another to prevent the slightest possibility of ques-

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tion that any one could take up more than he put down, the small newsdealers began what was a protracted, and in some cases an almost painful, time of mental calculation. Sam, in particular, had a severe struggle to count correctly the pennies he had spread out on the bench in front of him; and if he had not called upon Ikey for assistance, the business of the day would have been even more seriously delayed.

It was found that Sam had but forty-nine cents, although he insisted that every fellow who counted it must have made a mistake, for he was positive

that he had very much more.

Jack had one dollar and fifty-six cents. Pinney was the proud owner of four dollars and twenty-three; Tom had twenty-eight cents more than Pinney; and Ikey triumphantly displayed seven dollars and ninety cents.

"That's as much as the whole thing makes," Ikey said, as he added the several amounts together, and wrote down the total in very shakylooking figures. "Not half what Jenny wanted," he went on, "but, if we agree to go into the thing, we can soon get enough. Now, what do you say?"

"Who's to be the boss of the house?" asked Sam, looking at his small amount of money as if he thought it sufficient to entitle him to the position of president of the corporation, at the very least.

"Why, Jenny is, of course!" said Ikey. "It will be her boardin'-house, an' we won't have any more to do with it than the other fellers what lives there, 'cept that, if any money 's made, we get our shares."

"But we 've got to take hold an' keep the thing goin', or else we 'd better not have anything to do with it," said Tom. "I don't b'lieve she 'll make much for a good while, p'rhaps not for this winter, an' we 're the ones that 'll have to see that she gets along all right."

"That's it, that's jest it!" cried Ikey, delighted because Tom was really showing some enthusiasm in the matter. "We've got to work hard till she gets started, an' then we'll stand a

good chance to make some money."

"But don't we have a hand in runnin' the house?" persisted Sam, doubtful as to whether he would better part with his wealth unless he could at least be one of the directors.

"Jenny says that our work is to get all the fellers we can to board with us, an' to make 'em behave theirselves decent," answered Ikey. "We 're to have rules for the place, an' we can fix 'em up to suit ourselves."

"Then every one of us brings a rule, eh?" and Sam looked relieved, now that he knew he could at least have a voice in the management.

"Yes, every one does that," assented Ikey.

"Now, what do you say? Will you all come in?"

"But what about my havin' only forty-nine cents?" asked Sam, beginning to fear that he might not be received as a member of the corporation with so little cash at his command.

"Why, you'll have to scurry 'round an' get the money as quick as you can. Put in all you 've got but jest enough to buy your papers with, this afternoon, an' then work as hard as you know how."

There was no necessity for Ikey to ask again if the others were willing to join him in the enterprise, for every one showed, as plainly as the most sceptical could have desired, how eager he was to become a stockholder in Jenny's boarding-house. One trifling detail of business alone remained to be settled, and they were reminded of this by Tom Downing, who said:

"Of course it'll be all right for us to give our money to you or Jenny, 'cause we know it'll be put into the house; but you oughter fix up somethin' to tell how much each one pays, and what

it 's for."

Pinney nodded his head vigorously to show that he thought such a course would be the only correct way of transacting the business, and Ikey asked in almost a sad tone:

"Do you fellers think I oughter write out a

paper for each one?"

"Of course we must all have the same thing," said Sam positively; and considering the fact that, after deducting the fifteen cents needed to lay in his afternoon stock, Master Tousey had only thirty-four cents toward starting a boarding-house, Ikey thought he was asking for almost more than was fair.

"It 'll take me 'bout all the afternoon to write em," he said with a sigh; "but I can do it, I s'pose. You fellers give me your money so 's I can show Jenny I 've got it. She 'll hire the house right away, and I 'll meet you here to-night 'bout seven o'clock to go round to see it, then I 'll

have the writin's fixed."

The boys gave their cash into Ikey's keeping, all save Sam doing so without a murmur. He appeared to think that he ought to have a receipt then and there, lest the custodian of the money, tempted by the possession of so much wealth, might prove unfaithful to the trust, and flee to some foreign country. Sam succeeded, after quite a mental struggle, in stifling his suspicions, and Ikey started away at full speed to find Jenny, leaving the directors of the proposed boardings house to discuss the different questions that began to arise, relative to the responsibilities they had so recently assumed.

Jack Phinney had considerable to say about fel-

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lows who were willing to risk their entire wealth in an enterprise, and then were debarred from exercising any governing powers. No one save Sam paid much attention to his plaint, and the two sympathized with each other, while Pinney and Tom tried to decide what rules they could make which would be most beneficial to the inmates of Jenny's boarding-house.

"There's one thing we'll get Jenny to say,

every one of us owes part of what Jenny wanted us to pay."

"Now see here, Pinney White, we'd better fix this thing at the start. I'm not goin' to live with a lot of fellers that want ter set down to dinner without washin' their faces, an' you know it. I would n't put in a cent toward openin' a place that would be like some, an' you 'll find out that Jenny will say 'bout the same thing. It won't hurt you a



"THE SMALL NEWSDEALERS BEGAN A PAINFUL TIME OF MENTAL CALCULATION."

he 's washed his face."

Tom spoke very decidedly, as indeed he should have done, since he was overparticular, his intimate friends thought, on the subject of cleanliness.

Pinney looked distressed. He was a boy who did not believe in the useless waste of soap necessary to wash a fellow's face even once a day, and he knew of several, whom he had intended to introduce as boarders, who were quite as economical in this particular as himself.

"I would n't have that rule, Tom," he said, almost imploringly. "I know a good many of the fellers who would kick if you did, an', besides, you'd have to buy soap and towels. I go in for havin' things jest as comfortable as you do; but there is n't any use throwin' money away when

an' that is that no feller can come to the table till bit to wash up every day, an' it 'll make you feel a sight better, too. Besides, how 'd you look bein' one of the bosses of a reg'lar house, with your face as dirty as it is now?"

Pinney seemed concerned at this last suggestion. He knew very well that there could be no pleasure in exerting himself to be cleanly; but as one of the stockholders it did really seem as if he should change his personal appearance a trifle; therefore he said:

"Well, we 'll let it go that way an' see how the fellers will take it; but I 'm 'fraid we 'll have trouble with some of 'em."

"I'll fix that," replied Tom, decidedly. "Now let 's all see how many boarders we can get before the evenin' papers come out."

Recognizing the necessity of interesting their friends and acquaintances in the plan so that

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Jenny's boarding-house might, at the very commencement, be on a paying basis, the stockholder's started out to make the scheme known to the public, and to solicit patronage. In the delightful occupation of news-bearers Sam and Jack forgot their supposed grievances; or rather, they soothed their wounded feelings by representing to their particular circle of acquaintances that they were in reality the very head and front of the enterprise, but had allowed a few friends to appear as if clothed with equal authority.

As the directors had expected, the statement that Jenny Parsons, otherwise known as Jenny Wren, was about to open a boarding-house, caused no small amount of excitement among those who were acquainted with her or any of the directors.

Some of the boys were highly delighted with the scheme, believing that it would be more pleasant to live together in that way, than to remain at the News-boys' Lodging-house; but at the same time, they doubted very seriously whether the enterprise would be a paying one. Others objected to the plan in every detail. Others publicly stated that it could not succeed if Jenny depended upon two so notoriously lazy fellows as Sam Tousey and Jack Phinney for any portion of the necessary capital. Several declared that they would not become inmates of Jenny's boarding-house for the same reason that they objected to a larger establishment, which was that they would not allow others to lay down rules for them to follow, and that "if Tom Downing thought he could make the fellows wash their faces as often as he did his, he was mistaken."

Thus it was that the business community of which the stockholders of Jenny's boarding-house were members was divided in opinion as to the success of the plan; but there were so many who had promised, under certain stipulations, to engage board, that Tom and Pinney were perfectly satisfied with these first results, even though Sam and Jack had already begun to grow discouraged.

Ikey met his friends according to agreement, and was in a high state of excitement regarding the scheme. He had gone with Mrs. Parsons and Jenny to inspect and afterward to lease the house.

"It's jest about as nice as it can be for forty dollars a month, an' when we get it fixed up the way Jenny's mother says, it 'll knock the spots out of anything this crowd has ever seen."

"I don't believe we can make it go," Sam said disconsolately. "A good many of the fellers think it 'll bust us all up."

"It can't hurt you but thirty-four cents' worth if it smashes right away," replied Tom quickly; "besides, we can get all the boarders the house 'll hold. Most of the fellers you an' Jack was talkin' with are jest the kind we don't want anyhow." "What do they say about it?" asked Ikey eagerly. Pinney repeated all the comments he had heard, whether they were favorable or not, and even before he had finished Sam asked Ikey: "Did you bring the papers you said you'd write?"

By way of reply Ikey drew from his pocket, with an air of triumph, four business cards he had begged from some store, and on the back of the one he handed Sam was the following inscription:

"SAM TOSEY HAS PAID 34 SENTS FOR THE BODING HOUSE. HE OWS 9 DOLERS & 66 SENTS."

"Jenny has got all the money," Ikey said, after he had given his friends sufficient time for them to admire the specimens of his skill as an accountant, "an' she an' her mother are off now buyin' a lot o' things. They 'll have the place fixed up so's we can sleep there to-night, an' I'm goin' to get the things for a big supper."

The idea of a feast was enough to revive all Sam's former enthusiasm for the scheme, and, without bringing up again the question of individual authority, he displayed the greatest eagerness to start at once for the boarding-house.

The business of the day was nearly ended; Pinney had one paper left from his afternoon's stock, and when that had been disposed of by the united efforts of all the directors, there was nothing to prevent them from going to their new home.

Carpenter street, although it may not be found on any of the maps of New York City, is located not far from the principal newspaper offices, and in less than ten minutes from the time the boys left Printing House Square they were in front of a not overcleanly-looking building, which Ikey pointed out as their future home.

"That's the place," he said in a tone of admiration, while they were yet some distance away— "Not so very swell lookin' outside, but it 'll be mighty nice inside, after it 's fixed up."

"What's the bundle on the steps?" Tom asked when they were sufficiently near the building to admit of their seeing the boarding-house more distinctly by the light of a street lamp.

"I guess that's some of the things Jenny has been buyin'," replied Ikey. "She must be back, though she said she was afraid they could n't get through at the store till pretty late."

"If she's goin' to leave bundles outdoors in that way, she won't have anything very long," said Sam as he mentally resolved that it was his duty, as one of the directors, to read the young landlady a lecture on carelessness.

Tom was slightly in advance of the others when

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id y, ly he went up the steps, and he lifted the bundle by one corner roughly, almost dropping it a second afterward, as a noise very like that of a baby crying was heard from beneath the ragged shawl which covered the package.

"What 's that?" cried Sam, nearly tumbling down the steps, so startled was he by what he had

heard.

After the first surprise, which had caused Tom to lower the bundle quickly, he raised it again, and this time no one felt any alarm, although all were in a complete state of bewilderment, for there was no longer any question about the matter. There was a baby in the bundle, and it was crying as vigorously as if it had the best pair of lungs in the city.

"Unroll it, Tom, so we can see what it looks like," said Ikey, while all the boys crowded around to see Tom undo the wrappings as awkwardly as only a boy can, regardless alike of the baby's now almost piercing screams, and the chill winter wind to which he was about to introduce the unfortunate infant.

"It is a reg'lar young one, an' no mistake!" he said as he held the chubby little youngster so that the wind blew directly upon it.

Ikey was already trying the door; but, to his great surprise, he could not arouse any one. The house was evidently without occupants, since no reply was made to his vigorous knocking, and not a light could be seen from any of the windows.

"They have n't come home at all," he said, turning around just as Tom was trying to persuade the very cold-looking baby to have a bite of a half-frozen apple. "Now, who does that belong to?"

By "that," Ikey meant the infant; but none of his companions could answer the question, and for some moments every one remained silent, while the baby screamed its protests against being thus exposed to the cold.

"Better tie it up agin, Tom," suggested Jack, with an air of wisdom. "It does n't want any apple, and p'rhaps the wind 's a little too strong for it. My aunt don't let any of her babies go outdoors bareheaded in the winter."

"But where did this one come from? That's what I want to know," persisted Ikey, as he looked about him in perplexity.

"I'll tell you jest how it is," replied Tom, as he spread the shawl on the doorstep, and, laying the screaming child upon it, rolled the little thing up much as if it had been some article of merchandise. "This baby did n't come here all by itself, did it?"

"Of course not!" assented the others.

"Then it's been left here by somebody too poor to take good care of it. Likely its folks will turn up before long," said Tom.

"But what 'll we do with it?" asked Sam.

"We 'll wait a while and see," said Tom, sagely. "One of you fellers go an' buy a whole slat of candy, so 's to make it stop hollerin', an' I 'll take care of it till Jenny comes. We agreed that every one should make a rule, an' this one is mine: 'We 'll all own the baby as we own the boardin'-house'; an', if nobody turns up to claim him, we can have no end o' fun with him before winter 's over."

Just then it seemed to all the stockholders as if it would be a very pleasant thing to own a baby, and Ikey started at once to buy some candy for their new property, while Tom sat on the doorstep, trying to still its cries.



(To be continued.)

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JUAN AND JUANITA.

By Frances Courtenay Baylor.

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN at last the strain of the day's alarms and exertions was over, and was succeeded by darkness, stillness, and temporary safety, poor little Nita became quite hysterical and sobbed herself to sleep on Juan's shoulder. She refused to eat anything, and was as weary, footsore, and entirely exhausted a child as can be imagined. But for the protecting arms that encircled her, the confidence that Juan's cleverness and daring had inspired, and her belief that they were to stay in their tree of refuge for some time, she would have been utterly miserable. As it was, Juan had to scold her a little for being so sure that they would never see their mother again, and so certain that they would eventually be recaptured. He told her that she must expect to undergo a great deal of hardship, that she must be brave, that he had a capital plan that would put the Indians off the scent, and finally, that she must go to sleep. He made a hearty meal from the wallet and threw down something now and then to Amigo, who had stretched himself out at the foot of the tree, and who richly deserved to feast after his admirable conduct on that eventful day.

"A sensible dog that; not once did he bark after the Indians appeared, and he only gave one growl in the thicket. I believe he knows as well as I what to do." This was Juan's last thought before he, too, fell asleep.

Amigo's whines awakened him before daylight; and he was not sorry, for after the fatigue he had undergone the previous day he would certainly have slept late—a dangerous indulgence under the circumstances. He aroused Nita, who awoke greatly refreshed and much more cheerful. She was quite ready for breakfast now, and all the party ate with immense relish of what the wallet afforded.

"It is lucky that I held on to this yesterday," said Juan, "in spite of the way we were chased. If I had lost it, we should now have nothing at all to eat. Well, Nita, this is what I am going to do. I am going to travel due south all to-day, instead of southwest, so as to puzzle the Indians, who will be sure that I am traveling toward Mexico. Let us start at once."

On hearing this, Nita lost no time in getting down from her perch, and they set off. She was so stiff at first that she could hardly move, but the

soreness disappeared in great measure as they walked on. They were not yet "out of the woods," however, and they did not dare to feel too glad, while as yet they were uncertain whether their foes had lost or followed up their trail.

They faced south, toward a mountain from which Juan thought he could get a good view of possible pursuers, and where they could perhaps find water. Owing to the extraordinary purity of the atmosphere of that region, it seemed to him to be only about three miles distant, but it proved to be almost ten. A long walk it seemed under a burning midday sun, and when they arrived at the mountain, there was still the ascent to be made. As soon as they had come within sight of the woods that covered it, Juan's eyes had eagerly roved from spot to spot, until they discerned one piece near the top, where the trees were of a dark rich green, in decided contrast with those about them.

"There is water, unfailing water!" he exclaimed delightedly. "But you are dreadfully tired, Nita. You must have a good rest under that large oak before you begin to climb the mountain. We will take that ravine, and follow it up." They both were very weary, and were consumed with thirst. Nita could only stagger forward a few more steps; she sank down on the grass, but rose up again presently, and managed to reach the tree.

When they had rested in the grateful shade of the oak for about an hour, they began the ascent, lured by the thought of the water they needed and craved. The ravine was dry, and edged by foliage so pathetically burnt and blighted that one would not have thought there was a drop of water within fifty miles of it. But, convinced that he was right, Juan struggled on, up the steep ascent, and pushed his way through the brush, encouraging Nita all the while and helping her when her courage failed or her strength gave out, which happened again and again. The heat was intolerable, and her poor little feet were bleeding, her throat parched, her lips swollen, her whole frame one great ache.

When they had been toiling along in this way for some hours, the ravine made a sudden turn to the left, a refreshing breeze struck them, there was a little stretch of shade before them, and the brother and sister sat down to rest. They were too exhausted to talk, and in the stillness they presently heard a sound sweeter than any that

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could be made by Thomas's entire orchestra - the faint silvery tinkle of falling waters! Amigo heard it, too, and bounded off, and after a time came back dripping, and evidently delighted. The children gave a cry of joy, but could not move just then. As soon as they had recovered a little, they pushed on again, and though they had some hard climbing that tried them sorely, the delicious, rippling, gushing music that grew louder every moment so animated them that they felt almost brisk, and marched on until they were brought up suddenly by a cliff of rock. Juan followed along its base until he found a tree, the top branches of which were nearly on a level with the ground above. By means of this ingenious natural staircase - they did not stop to look for the one by which Amigo had ascended - Juan and Juanita mounted safely into the upper regions, and set off in a sort of limping run that brought them to what seemed at the time the loveliest spot that had ever met their It was a second, lower cliff of gray stone to which the winds and storms of thousands of years had given an exquisite bloom, an infinite variety of soft neutral tints. From under a ledge issued "a thing of life"-a beautiful little stream of clear, cold water, that danced out and away from the overhanging canopy of fine old walnut, pecan, and pollard-willows, sparkled in the sunshine like the jewel it was, and fell over the edge of the plateau beyond. About the spring was a green circle of mosses and aquatic plants, starred with waterlilies, and fringed with quantities of maiden-hair fern.

The two children dimly felt the charm of the place; they reveled in the coolness of the shade, bathed luxuriously in the water, and drank as freely of it as they dared, after so long a fast. Juan had to pull Nita bodily away from the spring, and to insist on her taking only a mouthful at a time. They both bathed their feet, quenched their thirst gradually, and ate their frugal dinner; and then both enjoyed a good long rest, stretched out at full length in the shade.

"This is such a nice place, and I am so tired, and so are you, Juan! Casteel will never find us Let us stay here for several days," said Nita. But Juan shook his head, and, getting up, reconnoitered the neighborhood in true Indian style. He was gone some little time, and Nita was beginning to feel anxious, when she saw him coming back with something in each hand, she could not tell what, at first.

"See! See! Here is a piece of good fortune!" he called out, waving in the air his treasure-trove a pair of old boots and a battered tin canteen. He was in high spirits. "We need not suffer again

doubtless been left by some scouting party of Texicanos. And, Nita, I am going to make you a pair of stout moccasins out of the tops of these boots, so that your poor feet won't be cut by the stones when we start off again."

"Oh, don't talk of traveling any more to-day, Juan! I can't. A bird can't fly with a broken wing," expostulated Nita. "I can not stir. You are very good to think of making zapatos + for me, brother mine. Can't you make a pair for yourself?"

"You shall see," replied Juan; and with his knife he soon improvised shoes for both, made Nita pick the thorns out of her feet, cut strips of leather and bound on her sandals, filled the canteen, and announced that he was ready to go.

"This is evidently a well-known watering-place," he said. "White men have been here, and Indians. I find deer-runs leading to it, plenty of turkeytracks, deer-tracks, some bear-tracks, a few buffalotracks. We will not go very far, but it won't do to stay here. Do you see those blue peaks over there? I am going there, and when I get there, I shall change my course to southwest again, and shall soon snap my fingers at Casteel and every Comanche in the tribe. I know they are working on a wrong scent to-day, and now that I am thus far ahead of them, I ought to be able to keep out of their reach forever."

They both took another drink before leaving, and Nita gave a lingering look at the merry little mountain stream and the dense shade, as she hobbled off obediently behind Juan, with Amigo reluctantly bringing up the rear. Night found them plodding along a deer-run, single file, through the brush; and before the light quite faded, Juan built a sort of bower of branches, in a protected spot where some large rocks also afforded partial shelter, by forming an angle that had only to be roofed to make a very respectable sentry-box. Into this the brother and sister crept, while Amigo mounted guard outside. They were not accustomed to being in the woods alone at night, and Nita thought the hooting of the owls a sinister sound, the perpetual plaint of the whip-poor-will very melancholy, the whole situation alarming. She lay awake for some time, expecting she knew not what -but something dreadful.

With Amigo on guard, and with his bow and arrows at his side, Juan felt none of his sister's nervous terrors. He talked as if his bower were an impregnable fortress, he took some food, made Nita do the same, and after throwing some small scraps to Amigo and promising to knock over a rabbit for him next day, the young brave stretched himself out comfortably on the ground and slept the as we have done to-day," he said. "These have sleep of a very tired and perfectly healthy boy.

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Neither he nor Nita felt the want of soft beds or downy pillows. They were quite used to doing without such luxuries, and were far less restless than the Princess in the fairy-tale, who slept on forty feather-beds.

As for their appetite next morning, it was so vigorous that they could almost have breakfasted on tenpenny nails. But alas! and alack! there was nothing left in the wallet excepting a little corn that had been parched in the ashes. Even Amigo only took this under protest, and sniffed at it in a very ill-bred way. Uncertain when they should again find water, they were afraid to drink much from the canteen which they had filled, knowing that they might have to depend for their very existence on the precious fluid it contained. One small mouthful, each, they allowed themselves before beginning the day's journey, which lay for the most part, after they had descended the mountain, across an open stretch of shadeless prairie.

As on the previous day, the heat was intense, the glare almost blinding. Breeze there was none; the very earth seemed ready to blister under the fierce heat that rayed down from the sun. But for the shoes that Juan had manufactured, the children could scarcely have borne that walk. Amigo called a halt whenever they passed a tree of any kind, and lingered in its shade as long as he could. Once only did they permit themselves the luxury of a sip of water, but happening to turn, they caught the wistful expression of Amigo's face, which said, as plainly as words could have done, "Can't you spare me a drink from that canteen - just one?" And they stopped several times to relieve his thirst. It was very unselfish in them, for they greatly coveted every drop, but they were doubly repaid; first by the dog's gratitude, and the very evident benefit he derived from the drink, and then by an occurrence of which I shall speak presently.

But even that trying, almost unbearable day, which realized the force of the Arabian proverb likening great heat to the wrath of God, came to an end at last. Nita, almost fainting under the fiery trial, had thought it as endless as it was cruel; while poor Juan, burdened with his bow and blanket, more than once had felt ready to drop by the wayside.

How thankful they were when the shadows began to lengthen, and they saw that the sun had almost run its course! Before it set, Juan, who seemed to have eyes set all around his head like a fly, caught sight of a faint cloud on the horizon—a thin pillar of smoke, very distant, and so indistinct that it was some moments before Nita could make it out.

"There, there! off to the right! Don't you see it?" said Juan eagerly. "It is the Comanches! I knew they would think I had gone that way."

The smoke of that camp-fire lifted a great dread from the minds of both, and with the effusiveness of their race, they fell into each others' arms, and embraced and kissed each other, while tears of joy streamed down their cheeks.

"Ah!" said Juan, as he drew a long, free breath, and continued to gaze at the smoky monument of his deliverance from the house of bondage, "I have given you the dodge! Catch me now if you can, Casteel!"

His eyes sparkled gayly as he spoke, and he walked as though his day's march had just begun. As for Nita, her face more than reflected his happiness, and tired as she was, she actually danced for ion.

"Adios, Casteel! Adios todos / "* she cried out, waving her little brown hand toward the camp; and then with a note of regret in her voice she added, "Adios, Shaneco!—Shaneco was kind to us, Juan. I shall never forget that."

"We shall never see them any more," said Juan. "We can walk where we please now, on hard ground or soft, in sand or mud. And we can take our own time, and need not travel in the middle of the day. And do you say now that we shall never see our mother, Nita? Viva! Viva! Viva!" † Nita joined in this shout, and Amigo, not understanding the demonstration, barked once or twice by way of question; then seeing from the children's faces that the excitement was a joyous one, he tried feebly to frisk, whereupon both the children embraced him, and declared that he was the dearest dog in the world, the most intelligent, the most affectionate, and the handsomest. When Amigo had duly responded to these flattering speeches, Juan remembered that he had seen a creek just before this great discovery, and that he had meant to explore it.

"It looks very dry," he said, when they reached it, "but it is running in the direction of our route, and we may have the luck to find some water. I would give a buffalo-robe, if I had it, for a good drink. I am almost choked, Nita."

He spoke cheerfully, but had little expectation of coming upon a pool, and what hope he had dwindled as he went on and saw that the shallow stream had disappeared as completely as though it had never existed. All at once, when Juan had grown very serious under the gravity of the responsibility he had assumed, and was thinking with dismay of his empty canteen and wallet, Amigo bounded past him and began trotting along with his nose close to the ground, sniffing excitedly here and there.

"What is he after?" asked Nita; but before Juan could reply, Amigo had stopped near some big rocks, and had begun scratching in the sand with all his might and main.

"Water!" shouted Juan. And he was right; for, when he and Nita fell on their knees, and began scooping out the sand from the hole Amigo had made, they found in a little while that the sand was no longer dry, but wet, a fact that put so much energy into their efforts that they soon dug down to fresh water. Amigo's instinct had divined the hidden spring and had saved them, as they had saved him, much suffering. Hunger was far more endurable, now that thirst no longer tormented them; and, infinitely refreshed, if wofully hungry, they betook themselves to bed — not a bed of roses, but one of dried grasses.

How their fond mother's heart would have yearned over them if she could have seen those two little figures lying out there, under the stars, in tranquil sleep, completely at the mercy of the world, environed by a thousand dangers, yet for the time as safe in that lonely wilderness as in the most populous city!

Whether it was that Amigo did not arouse them, or that the fear of Comanches no longer troubled their dreams, the sun was quite high before either Juan or Nita stirred. Their breakfast was not a very elaborate one, consisting only of a drink of water apiece, and they were detained only until the canteen could be filled.

"We shall get to the peak before sunset," said Juan, "and I am sure there is plenty of game in the hills. I will kill enough to last us for many days; so cheer up, mi hermanita. We are not going to starve while I have Shaneco's bow and so much as a single arrow left."

"I am not so very hungry, Juan. I shall do very well to-day. I had more than you did from the wallet, and I feel quite strong," said Nita brightly. "I don't mind anything, now that Casteel is not behind us."

"Oh, that is all right! They will not follow us any farther, but will go home," replied Juan. And this was what happened.

The Indians probably thought that their rebellious captives would certainly die in the wilderness, either by violence or from starvation; and, content with this vengeance, they gave up the chase, and returned to their encampment on the clear forks of the Brazos. If they had not been under treaty just then with the United States, they might have made the search for Juan and Nita a sideissue of one of their raids. In that event, the children would almost certainly have been recaptured; but as it was, it did not seem worth their pursuers' while to go to any more trouble to catch and kill

two children who, as the vengeful Casteel declared, were sure to perish if left to themselves.

There was a kind of rivalry between the brother and sister all that morning as to which should seem least to have felt the fatigue and deprivations of the last few days. It was well for both that they had learned fortitude in a severe school, or they would certainly have broken down under an exact repetition of the previous days' experience. They never could have borne it if they had been accustomed to a life of luxury and indulgence, and had been tenderly nurtured.

A feature of Comanche discipline was to make the older children do without sleep or food for as long as their instructors thought necessary; another consisted in making them perform arduous tasks and run or walk great distances while deprived of their natural rest, or while fasting. The warriors of the future, of course, underwent more severe tests than the girls, whose lives were to be more inglorious and homely; but all were in some measure subjected to these disagreeable educational influences.

So now, although our poor babes in the woods were footsore, weary and hungry, they made no complaint, but with great patience and courage trudged on, hour after hour, under the burning sun, stopping when they could go no farther and taking such refreshment as the sickening warm water in the canteen afforded.

By noon they had made their way to a small thicket of mesquite about five miles from the peak. This offered a relief from the distressing glare of the plain rather than anything that could be called shade; and here the children dropped down on the hot earth, without strength enough to have carried them another yard—every vital force completely exhausted for the time. The confidence with which Juan had started out had vanished like the morning dew under that terrible sun. It seemed to him that they had lain down to die. How was he to know that there was game in the hills? How were they ever to get there? What were they to do for water, now that the canteen was again empty?

Too proud to express his dejection, and not in the least understanding that it arose from physical causes, Juan turned his back on poor little Nita, threw his arm up over his head, and lay perfectly motionless for so long that she became seriously uneasy. When she could stand this strange conduct no longer, she pulled anxiously at her brother's sleeve, saying, "Juan! Juan! What is the matter with you? Are you ill? Open your eyes! Look at me! Answer me!"

but as it was, it did not seem worth their pursuers' But Juan would not answer, and still hid his while to go to any more trouble to catch and kill face. He did not know that he was distressing

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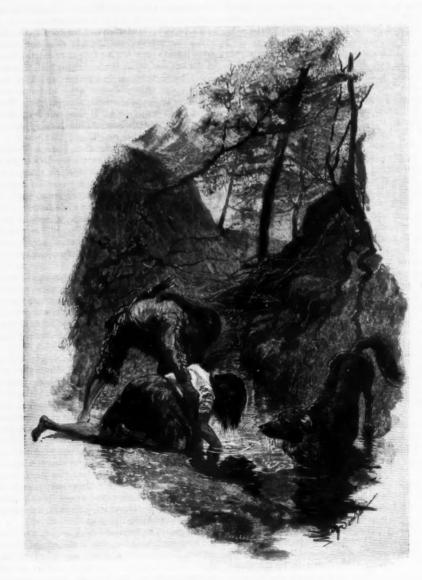
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"JUAN HAD TO PULL JUANITA AWAY FROM THE SPRING." (SEE FAGE 285.)

Nita, and he wished to be as miserable as he pleased. Presently a wail of despair reached him, madre ! "* sobbed the unhappy child. Her love and, turning over, he saw Nita weeping piteously, overcome by visions of Juan dying and dead, leaving her alone in the wilderness.

"Oh, oh! Mi madre! Mi madre! Quiero mi for Juan and her admiration of him were unbounded; she had perfect faith in his ability to do anything and everything; but when that sup-

"" My mother! My mother! I want my mother!"

port failed her, she collapsed altogether, so accustomed was she to lean her whole weight on him. Juan was evidently hopeless or very ill, and, in either event, she was miserable. The sight of his dear little sister's wretchedness appealed so strongly to Juan's manly and generous nature, that he sat up at once and affected a great deal more liveliness than he felt.

"Pobrecita! (Poor little girl!) what is it? Don't cry. You will see our mother soon; what afflicts you?" he demanded, soothingly. "Ah! you are starved, poor child! You are thirsty, and tired to death. Oh, if I only had some water and food for you!" And he threw himself down again on his back with a deep sigh. Now it was Nita's turn to comfort him, but although he got some strength from her affection, her assurances that all would yet be well did not find much of an echo.

It was now getting a little cooler, and the world was less like a vast oven. Amigo, who had been stretched out comfortably under a tree, and had stood the day's journey better than they had expected, came up to Juan and snuffed about him restlessly, doubtless with the intention of admonishing him that they ought to be off again. But Juan did not move, and had not the energy to respond to any such demand. Even when the afternoon had almost all gone, he continued to lie there, inert, a prey to gloomy doubts and fears.

When he did get up, it was with a bound that brought him to his feet at once (and of which he would not have believed himself capable a moment before). "Look! look!" he cried, pointing above them. Obeying, Nita saw overhead, beautifully outlined against a deep-blue sky, a large flock of snow-white doves flying toward the peak.

"It is near sundown; they are seeking water and a place to roost. See how straight they are flying toward the hills! We will follow. I was right. It can't be very far. Come on, Nita," said Juan, all his interest excited now. "I will help you, if you can't get along by yourself."

Led by this lovely band of birds, the children and what a feast it was to these hungry wanderers!

struggled bravely and hopefully on for another mile, when they were still further cheered to see, about a half mile beyond them, a long line of pinetrees, which they knew must be growing on the banks of a stream or lake. Amazed now at the frame of mind that had produced his recent profound depression, and delighted to know that succor was so close at hand, Juan never stopped, except to encourage his companions, until they had reached one of those clear, swift, charming streams in which that region abounds.

As they approached it, a deer occasionally bounded off in front of them, or a drove of turkeys went whirring aside out of their way; but although both Juan and Nita strung their bows, neither could get near enough for a shot. Amigo started a rabbit and gave it a close race, but with no better result. There seemed little chance of their getting a supper, and they were blue enough about it; but when they reached the river, what should they see but quantities of fish almost asking to be caught.

Scarcely stopping to bathe his face or get a drink, Juan promptly cut a willow pole, fastened his line to it, found a grasshopper, baited his hook, and cast out into the stream, while Nita, sure of the result, ran about with surprising alacrity picking up dry wood for a fire. Juan had not to wait long for a bite; for such was the touching primeval innocence of the fish, that no sooner did the grasshopper light on the water, than there was a grand rush and scramble among them to get it.

A large, fine trout was soon flopping about on the gravelly margin of the river. Two others joined it in swift succession; and, too hungry to wait another moment, Juan dropped his pole, seized these, cleaned them, cut them up, ran sticks through each morsel, and, with Nita's help, soon had them in front of the fire.

It seemed to them that the fish would never be cooked, but at last they were done. And oh, how brown, crisp, delicious, incomparable they were, and what a feast it was to these hungry wanderers!

(To be continued.)



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THE MINISTERING CHILDREN'S LEAGUE.



LADY in England was reading a book called "Ministering Children." As she read, she thought: "This tells me of only a few young people who tried to think of others rather than of themselves, and who were happiest when helping poor, sad folk who needed to have sunshine broughtintotheir dark houses. We must not have few," said she, "but many such

young helpers. Where shall they be found?"

When this lady thinks, she very quickly begins to act. There is so much to be done in this big, busy world, that she believes there is not one moment to lose.

"Yes," she thought, "there is much to do, but there are many loving hearts, clever fingers, and ready feet willing to work. I will try to have an army of young volunteers to fight againt selfishness, idleness, sickness, and poverty, who shall 'go about doing good.' The name of the corps shall be the 'Ministering Children's League'—a band of helpers! On their banner shall be the words, 'No day without a deed to crown it,' and this shall be the rule of their lives."

Before very long a number of recruits were gathered together, who came to be drilled at the lady's house in London. Soldiers must, of course, first be taught their duty; and these young soldiers were very eager to learn, and they all had the same wondering question to ask:

"What are we to do?"

They heard this simple answer:

"Deeds of kindness!"

It sounded so cheery and pleasant, that a smile beamed on every face. We all like to be kind—shall I say, now and then?—Sometimes we all like to be cross and disagreeable, but young warriors must fight against self and conquer their selfish thoughts. This, however, is a difficult task, and

the kind commanding officer knew how hard her army would find it, and had, therefore, provided a very short prayer to be used every Sunday merning, and very often besides. Every one then received a card of membership to prove that he or she had joined the happy League. Plain words that all could understand were spoken. Kind friends suggested first one thing, and then another; and at last, with many hearty good wishes for success and victory, the "marching orders" were given, and the band was dismissed. The members left regretfully, yet went eagerly to their different homes to begin the work of love, with the promise of a "grand review" at the same house at some future time.

There is a work for all to do; for the big and for the little people, for boys and for girls. Do you ask what work? Think for one moment. You probably have comfortable homes, with every breakfast, dinner, and tea nicely prepared for you; you have warm clothing provided for you; you have loving parents and friends filling your lives with gladness. Ah! but not very far away from you, men, women, and children live, who have very little to eat, very little to wear, and very few to love them. Why are they there, so near your doors? I think for you to help, to cheer, to comfort. If you have not paid them a visit, you do not yet know what true pleasure is. In those humble homes warm welcomes and pleasant smiles are always ready for the ministering child who has given a little time from play, a little money, a little thought to add to the happiness of others. If you can not go yourselves, you can send or bring your offerings to what is called a "Branch meeting," which means a gathering of some of the members of the "Ministering Children's League," held at some house where they meet together and bring their work, and hear what is to be done in the future. And this reminds me of the "grand review" of the young volunteers in England.

It took place in January, 1886, exactly a year after the "corps" was first formed. The young soldiers, boys and girls, came trooping into the same house where they had met before, and were welcomed by the same lady whose kind, loving thought had first brought them together. You will like to know that only a few weeks before, this lady, Lady Brabazon, had returned from the United States and Canada, where she had spent three very happy months, and where she had found many true, hospitable friends. There were nearly one hundred children present at the review, not one

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empty-handed; all had brought something to prove they had tried to be good soldiers and true to the words on their banner. I think you would have laughed to have seen one small boy wheeling before him a doll's perambulator, nearly large enough to hold himself; another clutched in his arms a big, red scrapbook full of bright pictures ready to gladden the heart of many a poor, sick child. Indeed, I heard that in one hospital the beloved scrapbook was lost for a time, and was at last found under a poor little sufferer who had been carefully lying on it, for fear it should be taken from him. The girls brought pretty frocks and pinafores, pillows stuffed with paper, dolls nicely dressed; there were toys new and old, some fresh, others neatly mended. I must tell you of a petticoat made of thick, warm stuff, with a nice bodice to it, but sewn on to the top were three bags filled with candies and tied with neat ribbons. Well, there were so many really beautiful things, I can not describe them all to you; there were little dolls' bedsteads made by a clever boy; there were woolen scarfs to defy Jack Frost's cold fingers, and thick gloves and socks for the same purpose.

Lady Brabazon was waiting to speak to her young guests, and they sat down and listened. Let me tell you some of the kind words she said.

She began by telling them about her pleasant journey to America, and of the Branches of the League she hoped soon to hear were formed there. At Toronto, she said, there had already been a meeting in its behalf, and in Ottawa there were good friends all anxious to forward the cause. In the United States a kind lady had undertaken to take charge of the League in that country.*

Lady Brabazon then went on to speak of the real work of the League, to which all very thoughtfully listened.

Obedience, she said, is the first duty of a soldier, and she reminded the children of their duty to their parents — not a dull, sullen, slow, unwilling obedience, but a bright, quick, glad and ready obedience, that delights to do whatever dear Father and Mother wish. How could children not long to obey these loving friends, who have taken such care of them since they were wee little babies, and who never let an hour in any day pass without planning for their happiness and welfare? It should be a pleasure for the young soldiers to be able to minister to them and to help them.

fresh, others neatly mended. I must tell you of one parcel that pleased me very much; it contained a petticoat made of thick, warm stuff, with a nice bodice to it, but sewn on to the top were three bags filled with candies and tied with neat ribbons.

She urged them to make their teachers happy, by learning their lessons well, and trying, by diligence and care, not to give them any more trouble than is absolutely necessary. She urged them to be sentinels, ever on watch—to keep their eyes wide open, so as never to miss the opportunity of helping somebody in some way; to make it a rule, if possible, to give up at least ten minutes out of playtime, each day, to work for children whose wants are far greater than their own; to try never to lie down at night without having done at least one kind deed during the day!

Before saying good-bye, all joined in singing a hymn. And then they went home, every volunteer, I hope, more determined than ever to be true to the motto on the banner of the League.

* See page 318.

A MEMBER.



NEVER, never a day should pass Without some kindness kindly shown; This is a motto, dear laddie and lass, To think upon daily and take for your own.

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AMONG THE GAS-WELLS.

BY SAMUEL W. HALL.



drillers, in Washington County, Pennsylvania, aft-

er long weeks of hard labor in their search for oil, had reached at a great depth the "oil-sand"long questioned as existing in that region. They were happy; and, as the drill hurried down into the sandrock, their long and patient efforts were rewarded by an immense flow of - natural-gas. As the heavy drill and cable came flying out of the well, forced up by the gas, which poured forth with a deafening rush and roar, the drillers looked on with sad hearts and long faces - in fact, with utter disgust. They had indeed opened up a gusher, but it was a "gas-gusher." They did n't want gas. They had drilled for oil, and it was oil they had hoped to get. They waited some weeks, hoping the gassupply would be exhausted; but it was a vain hope.

This was the great "McGugin Well"-one of the largest gas-wells yet discovered. It was fired, and for months blazed skyward, if not "born to blush unseen," at least to waste its brightness on the desert air, except so far as it was of use in lighting up all the country around, and in furnishing a novel attraction, day and night, to countless excursion parties from near and far. Other wells were drilled, with a like result; and these continued discoveries of gas, in connection with some others made near Pittsburg, led to the "naturalgas craze," which took possession of the whole Pittsburg region for some time. Natural-gas as a fuel for mills and furnaces and dwelling-houses has

great advantages, and promised large profits to the owners of the wells. Accordingly, the spring and summer of 1884 witnessed a frantic forming of companies and drilling of wells and laying of pipes along the streets and roads, the highways and byways, until cautious people almost held their breath. Pittsburg, as the great central furnace, was especially interested in the new fuel; and, besides wells sunk within the city, several lines of pipe, some twenty or thirty miles long, have been laid to bring in the gas from the great wells mentioned, and from others in different localities.

For mill-purposes, the gas is distributed under the boilers, and wherever needed, by a system of small pipes, the blaze supplying the heat directly; but for household uses, in stoves and fireplaces, the gas-pipe is usually placed at the bottom of the grates, which are filled above with something to receive and hold the heat. In rooms where the open grate, burning the soft bituminous coal, has always been used, a pleasing variety in the arrangement of gas-fires is found. Some people do away with the grate altogether, and supplant it with a clever imitation in cast-iron of the old-time back-log. But the commonly accepted plan is to retain the grate, filling it generally with coarsely broken fire-brick, which, when heated, looks much like anthracite coal. Foundry-slag, properly arranged, presents a perfect representation of a softcoal fire, and is, therefore, more beautiful and desirable. Others resort to the novel plan of filling their grates with porcelain door-knobs, for which purpose they are bought by the peck or bushel! The quantity of gas burned is regulated by a valve at each fireplace; and the ease with which a gas-fire is made, regulated, and put out, coupled with its freedom from smoke, dust; and ashes, has warmed the heart of womankind toward it with a very great affection.

Boring for gas is exactly like boring for oil,* in all its workings; but the after-operations of pumping and packing, as in the case of some oil-wells to raise the oil, are not necessary in gaswells. If the gas is there, it will come up of its own free will and accord, and come with a rush, blowing tools and everything else out of the well before it. Indeed, gas men would often be as glad to keep their treasure down as oil men are to get theirs up. The great pressure at which it is confined in the earth, and the corresponding force with which it escapes from the well, make it some-

^{*} See article entitled "Boring for Oil," in St. NICHOLAS for November, 1886.

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what hard to manage or control. This pressure is enormous—as high as five hundred pounds to the square inch in some cases where it has been gauged. In the great McGugin well, which was not gauged, the pressure is estimated to have reached eight hundred pounds to the square inch. Any attempt to confine the gas in this well for the purpose of measuring it would doubtless have resulted in sending the iron casing flying from the well, or in

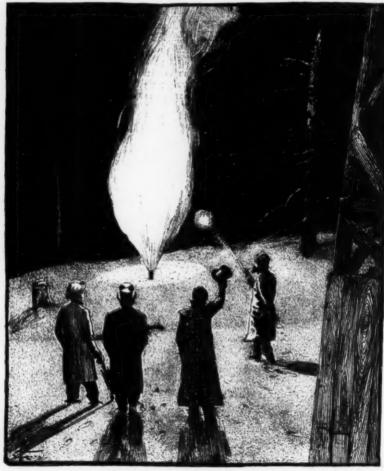
as it comes from the wells is about forty-five degrees, Fahrenheit.

A burning gas-well is a grand sight. The gas is carried in pipes to a safe distance from the derrick, to be fired. When lighted, a huge column of flame shoots skyward, sometimes higher than the derrick. At times it is swept by the wind along the ground, burning it bare and dry. The hissing and roaring are almost frightful, and can



flow of gas from a well could be stopped or reduced. The quantity of gas that escapes from some wells is enormous, but probably no correct estimate of it has yet been made. Where the gas is "piped" away to mills and houses, all that comes from the well may be used; but if it is not all used, the remainder must be allowed to escape into the air. This is done at the regulator, where it is burned. The regulator is an arrangement of pipes and valves, placed between the gas-well and the town supplied with the gas. It allows only just as much gas as is being burned in the town to go on through the pipes, and so reduces to a proper and safe point the dangerously high pressure of the gas as it comes rushing along from the well. The temperature of the gas

be heard many miles away. The night glare, too, of a burning gusher has been seen at a distance of thirty miles. The illustration on the next page represents a near view, at night. From a distance, we see the great glare in the sky, with the hills and woods outlined against it. On a clear, still night the glare is steady, and fades gradually away, above and around. But on a cloudy, stormy night the scene changes. The banks of clouds catch the light, and reflect a deep red glare, softening away in the distant parts to a yellowish tint, sometimes growing dull and faint, and anon flashing up and brightening, as the wind now beats down the flame and again lifts it skyward. A



LIGHTING A GAS-WELL WITH A ROMAN-CANDLE,

group of burning wells north of Washington, Pa., has presented many grand and beautiful night-scenes. Though several miles apart, they appear, at a distance, to be close together, and their light intermingles. On a dark night, with all of them burning, they make a great show. These wells in full blast—with those flanking them on the right and on the left, with the broad glare of those at Wellsburg, W. Va., showing twenty miles to the northwest, and with those at Murraysville, Pa., thirty miles to the northeast—make a scene which would terrify a stranger, if he should come upon it unaware of the existence of such things as burning gas-wells. It would only need columns of fiery lava to convince him that the

whole region was full of volcanoes. And his terror would doubtless be complete when he saw a great fiery column shoot skyward, unless he was made aware of the real cause of the phenomenon, when he would remain to admire what a moment before had filled him with alarm. The explanation of the sudden burst of flame is that it is necessary often to "blow out" the wells and the pipes leading to the regulator, to keep them from being clogged by the salt which gathers in the pipes from the salt-water thrown up by the gas. The flow of the gas is stopped for a moment; and when again released, the gas drives everything before it into the open air. This escaping gas is burned at the regulator. The effect of the suddenly increased pressure is to

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"BLOWING-OUT" AT A REG-ULATOR ON A MISTY NIGHT.

shoot a tongue of flame, hissing and roaring, high in air. On a misty night, when the light is broken up and diffused,—the snow-covered hills sometimes adding their reflection,—the whole sky is brilliantly illuminated, and the scene is grand and beautiful.

Now, let us take a look at another very beautiful and strange sight, before going to bed. Often in the winter there may be seen in the gas region, far up in the sky at night, one or more faint white streaks, six or eight feet long. They look like

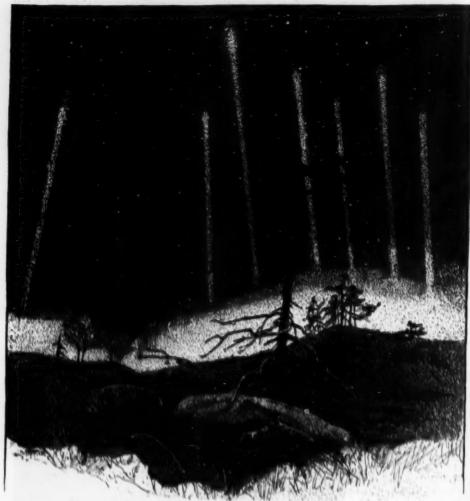
come,, and the one first seen was quite generally mistaken for a comet. Each one of these is caused by a burning gaswell. The light of the well shines upon the small ice-crystals which quite often are floating in the air, far above us, and is by them reflected, or thrown down again, so that we see it, though the gas-well may be many miles from us. Every well furnishes but one "comet,"-as we may call it, for want of a better name,-which always appears in the same place. When the lower air also is filled with ice-crystals, we see not the comets, but great, fiery streaks, the complete reflections, that

A NATURAL GAS-LIGHT ON THE WAYSIDE.

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THE SEVEN FIRRY COLUMNS, VISIBLE FROM WASHINGTON, PA.

reach from the points where the comets were, down across the sky to the horizon at the points where we see the glare of the distant gas-wells.

We see something of the same kind below instead of above us, in the fiery belt which appears when we look across a wide, dark stream at a light upon the shore. But there is a unique strangeness and beauty about these fiery columns in the sky. They stand out boldly against the dark background, like great, fiery rods, a central bright streak, or spine, running through them, which shades off into a beautiful glowing red on each side. They are

regular in shape, apparently about twenty inches wide, the sides straight, the top slightly rounded, and the bottom fading away, as it reaches the flame, in the glare of the well.

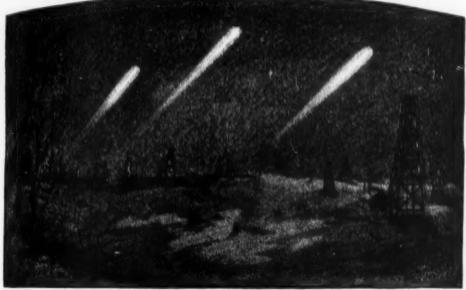
No description nor pictures of these comets and fiery columns can give a true idea of their strange beauty, which does not become commonplace by reason of a regular, every day—or rather, every night—appearance, as these phenomena are visible only under certain favorable conditions. Those still, chilly nights, when the sky has a hazy appearance, when a few scattering flakes of crisp, dry

snow may be fluttering down, are the nights upon which the finest displays are seen; and several nights may intervene between these curious and beautiful exhibitions. Sometimes the comets will appear directly overhead, and the fiery columns often reach to a great height, depending, of course, on the distance of the observer from the source of illumination. Recently the top of one of these reflections was estimated to be six and a half miles above the burning well.

As they stand thus in the sky, the effect is at first sight startling; indeed, there is a feeling akin to awe mingling with the sense of admiration as we look at them. We are reminded of the "pillar of fire," which led the Israelites out of Egypt; and if we stop to think of the great changes, the mighty forces, and the wonderful laws entering into the production of the strange scene before us, these modern pillars of fire will seem scarcely less remarkable to us than does the ancient miracle.



THE GLARE OF THE MCGUGIN WELL ON A CLOUDY NIGHT.



THREE "COMETS" AT ONCE.

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MRS. FEATHERTAIL AND SQUIRE FUZZ.

By MRS. JAMES HERBERT MORSE.

IT was built, of course, for horses. It had stalls and hay-lofts and cows' accommodations at one end. In the corner was a big closet, where there was a carpenter's bench, which was called "the shop."

It was a large, comfortable barn, with plenty of room for wagons and carriages. When Uncle John bought it, it had been empty for six years, and the only live thing in it was a woodpecker, who stuck his head out of a hole in the cupola, and called to everybody who came by. Uncle John said he was bidding us welcome, but it sounded to me more as if he said, "Go 'long! Who are you?"

Oh, I forgot to say—a little way from the barn, there 's a house that belongs to it. But that is n't of much account, and there 's no need to describe it. We sleep and have our meals there, and there are plenty of rooms, if you count in the attic, for Uncle John and Aunt Rachel and my cousins, Ruth, Jim and Will, and me. And there is a spare room that never is to spare because it 's always crowded. Ruth is a young lady, and Jim and Will are little shavers. My name is Augustus and I am ten and three-quarters.

Uncle John has n't any animals, but you need n't think we don't use the barn. Ruth paints, and so she persuaded Uncle John to let her fix it up for a studio. Aunt Rachel gave her a lot of old duds, and she scared up two or three spinning-wheels, an old-fashioned settle, and no end of things.

So, if you go into the barn, don't forget yourself and call the draperies bed-spreads, or the divan a cot (and a rickety one at that!), or the ottomans old trunks! And be careful what you call the paintings! For Ruth does n't paint pictures - oh, no! They are impressions! And they are not good for anything unless they are all daubs. I'll tell you how she does 'em. I " pose " for her, so I know. First she screws up her eyes and squints at me for two minutes, walking about all the That is choosing the "point of view." Next she plants her easel, takes a piece of charcoal in one hand and a bit of chamois in the other, and squares off. Then it 's scratch ! scratch ! scratch ! three steps back, square off, and a squint to see if it 's right. It never is, till it has been wiped out a great many times with the chamois, but that is no matter, because it 's as easy as nothing to scratch it in again, and it's never more than fifteen or twenty minutes before she is done with the chamois and charcoal, and is hard at it with the paints. When *they* begin, there 's a great deal more squaring off with daubs and smutches, and a sweep between. If you want to know how to do it—get the brush as full as it will hold, and just smear it on as quick as lightning, and you are all right. The best thing about it is that it does n't take long to pose, and I get lots of nice things for doing it.

Well, that very first summer at Bonny Haven she painted one picture that I liked. She has gone on making "impressions" ever since, but she has n't improved a single bit. That one picture is the only good one she ever did or ever will do, and I offered her everything I had for it, but she would n't give it to me. It was a picture of the first chipmunk we tamed. We called him "Squire Fuzz." Ruth was at work then on a monstrous piece of canvas, painting a picture of Mark Antony making his speech to the Romans, and I offered not only to pose for Antony, but to dress up in different costumes, and pose for the whole rabble if she would only give me that little speck of a picture of the Squire—but she would n't!

Jim is a queer mixture of an owl and a goose. Sometimes he thinks so hard and seems to know so much that Uncle John calls him "The Philosopher," or "Aristotle," Then, at other times, he behaves as if he had only just been born and did n't know anything.

One afternoon Cousin Ruth was in the barn, taking down an impression of me like two-forty on a plank road, when she spied the squirrel and told me softly not to move, with me standing on tiptoe, one foot held up behind by a string and nothing but a hammock-hook to steady a fellow! I was posing for Mercury that time. But I stuck it out a whole minute after she spoke, until Chippy had packed his pouches. Every boy has read lots of stories about squirrels filling their cheeks with nuts and corn, but it 's a very different thing to see them do it. The way they turn a nut over to see which way it will fit in best, bite off the sharp points, pack and unpack, until everything suits-I tell you, even Grandpa and Professor Moffit will watch that half an hour at a time! Well, Jim came out just as we were wishing with all our mights that he would, and Ruth said it was more fun to watch his face than to see anything ever got up in Barnum's circus.

After that, we kept a pile of nuts and corn in a

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particular spot which we called the Squire's larder, and he soon learned to go to it regularly. In a week he seemed to know us all, and although the grown folks called him "the children's pet," they cared about him just as much as we did. Aunt Rachel used to take visitors out to the barn to see Ruth's sketches, but that was only an excuse. They would look half a minute at the pictures, but they would think nothing of watching the squirrel half an hour. There were Grandpa and



SQUIRE FUZZ PACKS HIS POUCHES.

Professor Moffit! They were great friends, and were always talking or reading to each other about things that nobody but professors understand. Grandpa knows as much as a professor. The Professor had a piece in one of the magazines, and he and Grandpa spent most of their time talking about it, until Squire Fuzz came. Then I noticed they would have their discussions in the barn instead of everywhere else, and right in the midst of the longest words in the dictionary you'd hear one of them say, "Hush! there he is!"-and it was easy enough to understand their English after that. Once the squirrel disappeared for a week, and they were just as sorry as anybody. They found Jim sitting by the Squire's larder, with his face to the wall, making believe he was reading "Robinson Crusoe," Jim's a regular brick, and would n't let anybody see him cry for anything. He cares so much that I 've taught him a trick about it. If you shut your teeth together, hold your breath, and say "Jessy Giminy" to yourself seven times, it'll keep off a cry splendidly! But it did n't that time. Jim was nearly black in the face with holding his breath, and he told me afterward that he had said "Jessy Giminy" more than a hundred times, but the tears would spill out; and when the poor little shaver was picked up and got a chance to hide his face in Grandpa's waistcoat, he just roared! Professor Moffit is a very kind man. He leaned over and patted Jim on the back, and said:

"Be consoled, James, my boy. Your missing favorite is a specimen of the *Sciurus striatus*, and is probably concealed in a subterraneous burrow in the immediate vicinity of this barn. It is not unlikely that he may re-appear."

I did n't see anything in that so very encouraging, but Jim took his head out of Grandpa's waist-coat right off, and asked the Professor to say it again, and he wiped his face so quick that I got Professor Moffit to write down what he said, so that I might learn it, for Sciurus striatus was better than "Jessy Giminy."

It was then that I offered to pose for the Roman rabble, and I know Ruth missed a good chance. I said to her:

"'Stock's riz,' Ruth, on that picture, and you had better sell it now. If the Squire shows so much as the tip of his tail, your stock'll go down quicker than he can scud. But if you wait too long, the market'll fail you, for all the people who have the capital are grown up, and everybody knows they are n't to be depended on for constancy—when it comes to animals, I mean. If it were a portrait of me, now," I said. "it would be different. If I were the rabble, why, the stock on that picture would keep on going up, higher and higher, and an accident to me would be worth lots to you! You'd get orders for, at least, a dozen copies!" But I could n't move her.

And she lost the chance! - for, in a week, when the family went out of mourning, the Squire came back, and another squirrel came too. The Squire had a funny little short tail, but the new "chip" had a long one, so we named her "Mrs. Feathertail." She was scared out of her life, and it took longer to tame her, because the Squire was such a savage. He seemed to think our barn belonged to him, and that all we were born for was to feed him. If Mrs. Feathertail showed herself, he 'd drop his provender as if it was red-hot, and scoot after her like a shot. She had to hide until he was out of the way, and then she 'd come in, shivering and shaking, pack her pouches as full as they could hold, and sneak off. But she grew bolder by degrees, and at last was as tame as the Squire. They both grew so tame that they thought nothing of running up Ruth's back while she was sketching, and they could find the hickory nuts wherever we chose to hide them - in our pockcts, neckties, boots, or on top of our heads.

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They seemed to think people were just walking trees, and they would take a trip up anybody who came along. Once a peddler walked into the barn and, before he could speak, Squire Fuzz darted up his left leg, around his belt, and down his other leg. He was so surprised that he forgot what he had come for, and when Ruth asked him, he laughed out and said, "I'm sure I don't know -I never saw anything like that in all my born days!" And then he went on just like this: "I was down to the village - Is it a squirrel? - They told me I'd better call and see if you 'd like to

buy-Did you tame him yourself? A chipmunk? You don't say! - codfishtongues and salt-herrings, only ten cents.-Well! Do tell! Look at him take up that nut!-I can supply your family once a week -Of all things! It 's the queerest sight I ever witnessed. He handles that nut for all the world just as my wife handles the loaves

after a baking! My eyes! See him try to get that in his jaws! - Well, good-day, ma'am! - Who'd 'a' believed it?" And off he went, without knowing whether we wanted any codfish-tongues and

salt-herrings or not.

The Squire and Mrs. Feathertail were at swords' points with each other all summer. As she grew tamer and bolder, she was not so easily scared by the Squire, and at last the day came when she got the better of him. She was sitting on Ruth's hand, filling her cheeks with pieces of cracked nuts. She had a piece in her paws when the Squire appeared a few feet off. He looked ready

to spring at her. She dropped everything, reared up on her hind legs, and looked him square in the eyes. It was as plain as print that she was thinking, "Your time has come! I'm going to settle with you, now and forever!" Neither of them moved a hair. A full minute they glared at each other. Then the Squire's bobtail rose up and broke the spell. Mrs. Feathertail gave a leap, and was after him. Around and around the barn she chased him - up one beam, down

another, over the wood piled up in the bin, under fingers, enough to steady it. Nobody dared to the divan, across both my legs and, at last, out of the door. What happened outside we did not know; for, though I was out after them quicker than a John's arm, around his shoulder, over his back, wink, they had gone. But after that, high and and off to his hole in the grass. Little Will laughed,

dared to show himself within gunshot of her. came a kind of squirreltramp, and foraged about the wood-pile outside, where Jim kept a supply of nuts hidden for him.

The poor Squire nearly lost his life soon after Mrs. Feathertail got the upper hand of him in that ugly The cistern at the back of the barn was found uncovered one morning, and there was a grand hunt for the lid, because we all were afraid that Jim or Will would tumble in, heels over head. Jim had his thinking-cap on that time, and was the only one to suggest that the lid might have fallen inside. He ran himself to look, leaned over, and just took one peep before he bobbed back and screamed. Of course, I ran to the spot, and there, down in the cistern, was the cover floating, and on it the poor little Squire, all wet and tired



out, going from side to side, looking over the edges and seeing nothing but his own face in the black water - for, of course, it was pitch-dark down there. Will was there, and sat flat down in the grass and began to roar, as usual. I said we'd better call Uncle John. Jim ran at once, screaming:

"Papa! Papa! Come quick! Fire Squzz is

drowning!"

And he scared Aunt Rachel nearly out of her senses, for she thought it was Will. Uncle John is just splendid. He speaks so quietly, and says exactly the right thing. back," he said, and of course we all did. I never heard of anybody that did n't mind Uncle John as quick as a wink. And he just lay down on the ground and reached his long arm down the cistern till he could just touch . the Squire's raft with the tips of his

breathe. It was only about two seconds though, before up popped the Squire, running along Uncle mighty was Mrs. Feathertail, and the Squire never with the tears still rolling down, and hugged his

as she

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mother. Iim threw his arms around Uncle John's leg, and I slung my hat in the air, and shouted, "Three cheers for Uncle John!" And the little chaps helped in the noise, I can tell you; and I guess Uncle John felt pretty grand and proud.

But that was the last of the Squire. He must have decided, when he fell into the cistern, that he had tumbled into an earthquake, and that our part of the country was n't safe.

That was near the time for our going back to New York. And Mrs. Feathertail began a new kind of business. She seemed to be as busily packing as we were. At any rate, she did not care any more for nuts or corn, and used the barn simply as a cross-cut to her nest, where she was collecting dead leaves. She never appeared without her mouth full, and the quantity that she could carry at once was surprising. Uncle John declared she wanted them for feather beds, but we really supposed she covered her winter stores with them. When we went away, she was still collecting them. We left several piles of nuts where she and the Squire could find them; but I found out the next summer, when I got acquainted with Zenas Dickerson, that two rascally boys from the village discovered the nuts and ate them all up in one day.

When we went back the next year, and drove up to the barn, there was the woodpecker, of course, sitting at his front door in the cupola. We boys said, "Hulloa!" to him, and then went straight to the places where we had left the nuts. Of course we did n't find them (because of those wicked boys), and we were sure the squirrels had taken them. Aunt Rachel did n't think the boys were so very bad, though, for she said:

"How could the boys know whom the nuts were for? And, after all," she added, "little boys are almost as nice as squirrels."

We did not really expect to see our old squirrels again, and were on the watch for others to tame. So, one day, when Ruth was up a ladder hanging her rags and tagsfor drapery, and I was making tentsticks. Jim suddenly gave one of his litsaid, "Oh, tle young laughs, and Gusty!" There, sitting on a was a chipspinning-wheel, munk staring at us with all I held out my its might. hand. and we knew by its ing right into it that jumpit was Mrs. Feathertail. Everybody was glad to see her back again, and she went to work at the nuts and corn as if we had not been away at all. She came back with

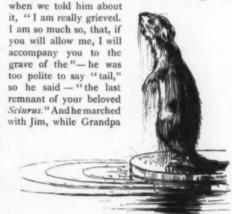
all her pretty ways, and went on about the same as ever. Three other chippies came and used to chase one another all over the barn, and, although Mrs. Feathertail was not very friendly with them, she never treated them had the Squire. grew tame, and used to take ing for forturns in comone another. age, dodging instead of squabbling. We named them "Wire," "Brier," and "Limberlock." And the third year, when

Squire, and even the woodpecker all had disappeared for good, it was one of those three that we found there. And one morning, we found a piece of a darling chippy's tail; and we think a dog must have eaten the rest

we went to Bonny Haven,

and Mrs. Feathertail, the

Zenas Dickerson laughed at the tail when he saw it, but Grandpa and Professor Moffit did n't make fun of us, for the Professor said, right off,



went with Will to our animal cemetery in the woods, which we took good care to have where Zenas never passes, and where he can't see the epistle - or is it epitaph? - that Grandpa painted for us on the tomb-sto-I mean the tomb-shingle.

[&]quot; Beneath this clod of earth, Nut-cracker's tail doth rest. Bonny Haven gave him birth And gives him his last nest.

[&]quot; Let none who wander here Disturb his latter end, Nor grudge a falling tear ;-So saith Nut-cracker's friend."



ALL day the Princess ran away, All day the Prince ran after; The palace grand and courtyard gray Rang out with silvery laughter.

"What, ho!" the King in wonder cried,

"What means this strange demeanor?"

"Your Majesty," the Queen replied,

" It is the Philopena!

Our royal daughter fears to stand Lest she take something from his hand; The German Prince doth still pursue, And this doth cause the sweet ado." Then, in a lowered voice, the King:

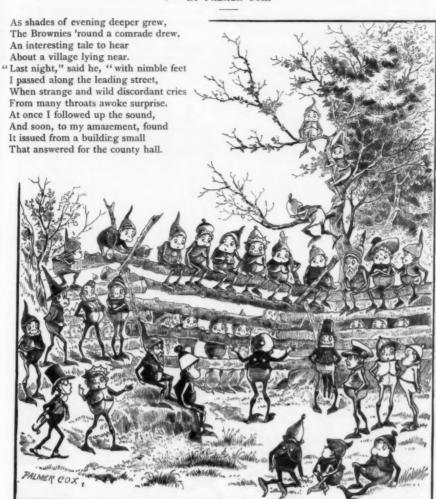
"I'll wage he hath a wedding ring.
Our royal guest is brave and fair;
They'd make, methinks, a seemly pair!"

But still the Princess ran away, And still the Prince ran after, While palace grand and courtyard gray Rang out with silvery laughter.



THE BROWNIES' SINGING-SCHOOL.

BY PALMER COX.



I listened there around the door,
By village time, an hour or more;
Until I learned beyond a doubt
A singing-school caused all the rout.
Some, like the hound, would keep ahead,
And others seemed to lag instead.
Some singers, struggling with the tune,
Outscreamed the frightened northern loon.

Some mocked the pinched or wheezing cry
Of locusts when the wheat is nigh,
While grumbling basses shamed the strain
Of bull-frogs calling down the rain."

The Brownies labor heart and hand All mysteries to understand; And if you think those Brownies bold Received the news so plainly told, And thought no more about the place, You're not familiar with the race. They listened to the jarring din Proceeding from the room within.

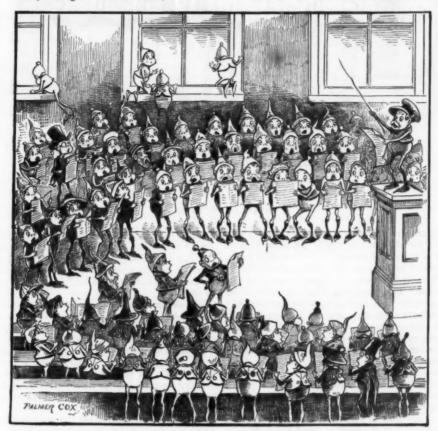
Said one at length, "It seems to me The master here will earn his fee, If he from such a crowd can bring A single person trained to sing."

Another said, "We 'll let them try
Their voices till their throats are dry,
And when for home they all depart,
We 'll not be slow to test our art."



When scholars next their voices tried, The Brownies came from every side; With ears to knotholes in the wall, To doorjambs, threshold, blinds, and all, It pleased the Brownies much to find The music had been left behind; And when they stood within the hall, And books were handed 'round to all, They pitched their voices, weak or strong, At solemn verse and lighter song. Some sought a good old hymn to try; Some grappled with a lullaby; A few a futile essay made
To struggle through a serenade;
While more preferred the lively air
That, hinting less of love or care.

That, hungry, wait the noonday horn To call the farmer from his corn. By turns at windows some would stay To note the signs of coming day. At length the morning, rising, spread Along the coast her streaks of red, And drove the Brownies from the place To undertake the homeward race.



Possessed a chorus loud and bright In which they all could well unite.

At times some member tried to rule, And took control of all the school; But soon, despairing, was content To let them follow out their bent.

They sung both high or low, the same, As fancy led or courage came. Some droned the tune through teeth or nose, Some piped like quail, or cawed like crows Vol. XIV.—20.

But many members of the Band
Still kept their singing-books in hand,
Determined not with those to part
Till all were perfect in the art.
And oft in deepest forest shade,
In after times, a ring they made,
To pitch the tune, and raise the voice,
To sing the verses of their choice,
And scare from branches overhead
The speckled thrush and robin red,
And make them feel the time had come
When singing birds might well be dumb.



"THEN CAME A RICE-MORTAR, A POUNDER, A BEE, AND AN EGG." (SEE PAGE 310.)

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SARU-KANI KASSEN;

OR.

THE BATTLE OF THE MONKEY AND THE CRABS.

A STORY FROM THE JAPANESE.
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION. (SEE PAGE 318.)

MONKEY and a crab once met when going around a mountain. The monkey had a persimmonseed which he had picked up. The crab had a piece of toasted rice-cake. The monkey seeing this, and wishing to obtain something that could be turned to good account at once, said:

"I pray you, exchange that small rice-cake for this persimmon-seed."



"THE UNRIPE PERSIMMONS HE THREW AT THE CRAB." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

The crab, without a word, gave up his cake, and took the persimmon-seed and planted it. At once it sprung up, and soon became a tree so high that one had to look up at it. The tree was full of persimmons, but the crab had no means of climbing the tree. So he asked the monkey to climb up and get the persimmons for him. The monkey got upon a limb of the tree and began to eat the persimmons. The unripe persimmons he threw at the crab, but all the ripe and good ones he put in his pouch. The crab under



"THE CRABS DECLARED WAR."

the tree thus had his shell badly bruised, and only by good luck escaped into his house, where he lay distressed with pain and not able to get up. Now, when other crabs heard how matters stood, they were surprised and angry, and declared war, and attacked the monkey, who led forth a great many other monkeys and defied the other party. The crabs soon found that the monkeys were too many and too strong for them, and so they became still, retreated into their fort, and held a council of war. Then came a rice-mortar, a pounder, a bee, and an egg to help the crabs, and

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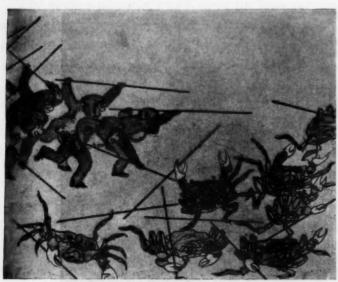
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"THE MONKEYS DEFIED THE OTHER PARTY."

together they planned a deep-laid plot to be avenged upon the monkeys. First, they asked the monkeys to make peace with the crabs; and thus they got the king of the monkeys to enter the home of the crabs alone, and to seat himself on the hearth. Then, the monkey, not suspecting any plot, took the hibashi, or poker, to stir up the slumbering fire, when bang! went the egg, which was



"THE CRABS RETREATED."

lying hidden in the ashes, and burned the arm of the monkey. Surprised and frightened, he plunged his arm into the pickletub in the kitchen to relieve the pain of the burn. Then the bee. which was hidden near the

tub, stung him sharply in his face. Howling bitterly, and with-



"THEY PLANNED A DEEP-LAID PLOT."

out waiting to brush off the bee, he rushed for the back door; but just then some seaweed caught his legs and made him slip. Then, down dropped the pounder, tumbling on him from a shelf, and the mortar. too, came rolling down on him from the

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"THEY GOT THE KING OF THE MONKEYS TO ENTER THE HOME OF THE CRABS ALOUE."

roof of the porch and broke his back, and so weakened him that he was unable to rise up. And then out came the crabs in a crowd, and brandishing on high their pincers they pinched the monkey to death.

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A GOOD February to you, my friends! I'd wish you a long one, too, but that would be of no use. You can't get thirty days out of this month, do what you will — unless you should happen to find two of the days that you lost in January, and tack them on.

A QUEER TABLE.

THE dear little School-ma'am has been putting some queer ideas into my head of late. For instance, I wish to tell you all, to-day, of a very queer table. In the first place, it is several hundred years old—very aged for a bit of furniture, is it not? Well, it is really two thousand years old. There is scarcely a day in which we do not use it, and it is as good as new, just as sound and strong as ever. No; it is not iron, and yet I can't see how it can ever wear out.

All of you who are old enough have seen it, and, after a while, you will all get so that you can use it without having to look at it at all.

It is not used for breakfast, dinner, or any meal. And it is not of wood, either, as ordinary tables are. Yet it has many columns, all ornamented with figures of different sizes and shapes, and these figures may be so put together as to make others. There is no end to the number that can thus be made, although the original set consists of only nine; some might say ten.

And, now, my account of it is nearly complete. The table comes all the way from Arabia. There is much guessing about its origin, too; but, however it was made, and whoever made it, a very useful table it is, and you may call it — The Multiplication Table, if you like.

DOES ANYBODY ELSE OWN ONE?

A LITTLE boy, named Benny, one day went to the Zoölogical Garden, and there he saw a tiger. He thought it was the most beautiful animal in the world;—not so amusing as the monkeys, but ever so much prettier. On his way home he met the Deacon, and told him that he wished he had a tiger for a pet.

"But it would eat you up, the first time it was

hungry," said the Deacon.
"Oh," answered Benny, "I want one that would n't eat boy—that would n't like the taste of a boy."

"And you could n't play with it, because a tiger is large and heavy, and it might knock you down with a blow of its paw, when you were romping," added the Deacon.

To this Benny replied that he did n't want a

large tiger. He wanted a little one.
"Very well," said the Deacon, "I 'll speak to
the Little School-ma'am about it, and see if she
knows where you can get one of that sort."

The very next day Benny received his tiger. It was about two feet long from the tip of its nose to the end of its tail, and it was very tame. It had sharp little white teeth, and in each foot were claws that would have hurt had the little tiger torn Benny's cheek with them. But nothing could have been more gentle than this tiger was; and instead of hurting its master it played with him, and so far from knocking him down, it allowed him to carry it in his arms. No one in the house was afraid of it, and it became so much at home that it used to steal upstairs and sleep on the bed.

But the family never called it a "tiger." They had another name for it, with only three letters instead of five. But—it was a very near cousin of the tiger at the Zoölogical Garden, nevertheless.

DO BIRDS FLY DOWN?

DEAR JACK: As nearly as I can judge from my own observation, and from a careful reading of several treatises on birds, they do not fly downwards, but fold their wings closely to their sides, and make a dive through the air, just as a swimmer clasps his hands above his head and dives, head foremost, into the water. I do not mean to assert this as a fact, as it is merely what I think.

Hoping, dear Jack, that what I think is right, I remain, Your constant reader, M. G. B.

I can't decide this question myself, but here is a letter from your friend, Mr. C. F. Holder, who is a well-known naturalist. Let us see what he says.

DEAR JACK: I see, in a back number of St. NICHOLAS, that one of your young correspondents appeals partly to me in regard to birds flying down. But all who have written seem so well posted that I doubt if I can add anything to their knowledge.

However, I have seen a California quail, a wood-dove, and a humming-bird flying downward; but in slow flyers, with large wings and heavy bodies, the wings are used more or less as parachutes in going down: in other words, the birds spread their wings, and rely upon gravity. This I have noticed in the sand-hill cranes in their migrations along the Sierra Madres. A flock, of say a hundred,

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will mount upward in a beautiful spiral, flashing in the sunlight, all the while uttering loud, discordant notes, until they attain an altitude of nearly a mile above the sea-level. Then they form in regular lines, and soar away at an angle that in five miles, or so, will bring them within one thousand feet of the earth. Then they will stop and begin the spiral upward movement again until a high elevation is reached, when, away they go again sliding downhill in the air, toward their winter home. It is very evident that a vast amount of muscular exertion is saved in this way. In some of these slides that I have watched through a glass, birds would pass from three to four miles, I should judge, without flapping the wings. Very truly yours, C. F. HOLDER.

ANOTHER QUEER BAROMETER.

HERE is a pleasant little letter, printed just as it was written:

DEAR JACK: I have seen so much about living barometers in St. NICHOLAS, that I thought I would write to you about a little Scotch terrier dog a lady I know has. If it is going to rain, he will not eat anything, and, after it stops, he goes and eats every bit up. Is not that a funny barometer?

I learned to row and paddle last summer. Do many little girls you know know how to row? I like it very much.

If my letter is too long to print, will you please put the part about the dog in? because I want the little boys and girls to watch and see if their dogs do the same. Yours, ALLIE.

A FIRE IN A SCOTCH RIVER.

LAST month I told you of a place where fire almost gets cold, but now comes an account of a fire in a river. It seems hard to believe at first, but I am told that there is in this very number of ST. NICHOLAS an article which will explain the miracle for you. So I need not say more, and I shall give the account just as it appeared in a newspaper published in Glasgow, Scotland: "The singular sight is at present to be witnessed of a fire issuing from the waters of the River Clyde, a few hundred yards below Bothwell Bridge, and it has attracted to the scene thousands of curious spectators. For some time back, near the mouth of the Auchinraith Burn, and not far from the left bank of the river, the water has in one or two places been seen to bubble up, the largest of the agitated parts marking a circle nearly a foot in circumference. Still no heed was taken of the circumstance until Thursday last, when an angler, while wading in the stream, which, owing to the dry weather, is abnormally low, scratched a match to light his pipe, and on throwing it from him, the water at once caught fire and emitted a brilliant flame. It is now clear that the gas issuing from the mineral workings underneath is finding its way through a fissure in the strata to the surface of the water, and had been kindled by the lighted match. The boys amuse themselves ineffectually trying to put out the tongue of flame,—which at night, it is seen, rises to a height of four or five feet,—with branches of trees. A miner succeeded in extinguishing it with a flat stone, but it was at once rekindled. Such occurrences, though rare, are not unprecedented in Lanarkshire. In 1829, and for some successive years, the gas issuing from the limestone rock on the property of Holmes, in Cadder Parish, rose through the earth and even the water on its surface. It was easily kindled with a match and burned brilliantly on the surface of the water."

A PANE PICTURE.

You all know that our friend Jack Frost is an excellent artist, and that he very often paints beautiful pictures on your window panes. Well, here is one of his masterpieces which Mr. Simeon Whiteley has had photographed for your inspection. Jack painted the original picture upon the plate-glass of



Mr. Whiteley's office windows about a year ago. Indeed, Mr. Whiteley seems to be favored by this special artist, for he says that every winter he has just such beautiful pictures which do not, strangely enough, show themselves on the windows of other buildings in the same block.

FISHING IN THE DICTIONARY.

THE Deacon says that in a new dictionary he has found the word

Hypophthalmichthynæ,

which is the name given to a little family of fishes because they have eyes low down.

Why does n't it say so, then?
[Postscript: The Deacon says it does; but he knows all the dead languages.]



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THE LETTER-BOX.

WILLIAMSPORT, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have a little school for girls; most of my pupils are subscribers to your valuable magazine. Requiring my smallest class to write a letter of congratulation, for an exercise, the other day, one of my very youngest pupils produced this highly original composition, which I send to you.

Yours respectfully. Many Hayler B.

Yours respectfully, MARIE HOLMES B-

WILLIAMSPORT, PA. MY DEAR ISABELLA: I am very glad to hear that you supported Columbus to three ships and crews, and congratulate you. It is too bud you did not live long enough to see America. How did you like the salt-cellar in the middle of your table, and the king that sat above it, and the servants under it? I suppose you died from the want of Yours truly, FLORA M.

To QUEEN ISABELLA.

LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND

My DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been getting your magazine for a year, sent by two kind American ladies whom I met in Algiers. I want you to tell Mrs. Burnett that I want to know more about Lord Fauntleroy, and how he got on after Dearest came to live with him. My grandpapa says I may have you for another year. I live with my grandpapa, but he is much nicer than little Lord Fauntleroy's grandpapa, although he is not an earl. I am just nine years old. I will weary until I hear more about Lord Fauntleroy.

Your loving Pensie M.—.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the December number of your magazine, I found an article which particularly interested me. It was about

'How a great battle panorama is made."
Milwaukee is the only place in the United States where these panoramas are painted. I have watched the artists paint on the panorama of the battle of Atlanta, and have found it to be very the panorama or the battle of Atlanta, and have found it to be very interesting. On the picture on page 105 I recognized one of the artists, with whom I am acquainted. They are all German artists from Berlin, Dresden, Munich, and Vienna. Two years ago I was in Germany on a visit, where I had a very good time. I was in all the larger cities and at the Rhine.

From your friend.

From your friend, FRIEDA M-

CLOVER HILL, GERMANTOWN, PA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never written to you before, although I have taken you as long as I can remember. I live in Germantown, Pa., and will be eleven years old on the eleventh of February. I have no sisters, but two brothers, who are a good deal younger than myself; the eldest is five; he only began to have lessons a short time ago, but I hope he will soon be able to read the stories for little children in your magazine. I enjoyed "Little Lord Faunderoy" very much, and I think Victor Hugo's stories to his grandchildren are very funny. If you think this letter worth publishing, I shall be very glad, for my father does not know I am writing, and it would be such a surprise to him to see the letter in print.

Your affectionate little friend, KATHARINE M-

FANCHONETTE AND JOSEPHINE: The January "Letter-Box" had already gone to press when your note reached us. We can only suggest that you should correspond with some of the "Decorative Art" societies in New York or Boston. They have facilities for developing such talents as yours may be, and for profitably disposing of articles of handiwork if they are really artistic in design and exe-

Dear St. Nicholas: I am a little girl who was born and brought up in the U. S. Army. My home is now in Fort Custer, a post built on the Crow Indian reservation. We see lots of Indians here every day. The post is a large one. We have eight cappanies and a band. The Custer battle-field is only ten miles from the post, and we have visited it. We spent five weeks this summer in the Yellowstone Park, and saw the geysers and all the wonderful things there. We have taken you a number of years, and we think you are just lovely. I am 'most eleven years old. I have one sister cight years old, and no brothers. Good-bye, dear St. Nicholas. Always your loving reader, FORT CUSTER, M. T.

NEW YORK CITY. DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My little Johnny, five years of age, asks
ST. NICHOLAS if the milky-way was made by the "cow that jumped
over the moon."

E. GOULD.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for a year, and now my mamma is going to get you bound for me. We have a dog called Fido, and a nice large cat called Dick. He comes up to my bed every morning, and is glad to see me. I have a brother Walter, one year younger than myself. I am eight years old. My mamma gave me St. NichoLAS on my birthday.

I think, when I am a man, I will be a railroad conductor, because they get the most money from every one. I used to think I would writer drive a sprinkler, because that was the most fun.

I think, when I am a man, I will be a faircad conductor, occasions they get the most money from every one. I used to think I would rather drive a sprinkler, because that was the most fun. I have an Aunt Effe, six months older than I am. She takes St. Nicholas, too. This is all I can think of this time.

From your little friend,

Jimmie H. D.—.

CONSTANTINOPLE, TURKEY.
DEAR St. Nicholas: A little while ago, I went to a Greek christening, and I thought that perhaps you would like to hear about it. Sometimes it takes place in the house, and sometimes in the church. The one I saw was in the house. This is the way it about it. Sometimes it takes place in the house, and sometimes in the church. The one I saw was in the house. This is the way it was done. First, two priests came in with a man, who carried a large metal thing on his back, which looked something like a bath. This was the font. He put it down in the middle of the room, and filled it with warm water and oil. While he was doing this, the priests put on their robes and let down their hair, which they generally wear done up in a small knot at the back of their heads. Then one took the baby, which was quite naked, and dipped it three times into the font, saying some prayers at the same time. After that it was taken out, and put into a lot of clean, new lisen, and given to the godfather, who walked three times around the font, After that it was taken out, and put into a lot of clean, new linen, and given to the godfather, who walked three times around the font, with the child in his arms, while the priests scattered incense about and said some more prayers. Then the mother took the baby, and bound it up tightly in long bands, tied a little muslin cap on its head, and put it to bed. At the beginning every one was given lighted candles to hold; and when it was over they gave every one a little piece of money which had a hole in it, and a piece of blue and white ribbon tied to it. You are expected to pin this upon your dress, till you go away. They also gave the guests sweets. Sometimes, instead of a piece of money, they have little silver crosses. The godfather or godmother provides everything—the baby's dress and clothes, the sweets, and crosses, and also gives the baby a present. The candles are rather dangerous, as they give them to little children as well as to grown-up people. A little child behind me burned off some of its front hair. It did not burn very much off as I caught sight of it just in time; and I told the mother, who was very much disgusted. But she did not seem to mind the child having been in danger so much as she minded its hair being burned off. Mow, this is all I can remember, so I will say good-bye.

MABEL P.—.

MABEL P--

Our thanks for the receipt of very pleasant letters are due to the young friends whose names here follow: Norma B. B., Brenda, Jodie Ellis, Grace Schoff, Louise Huntington, W. H. Logan, M. Blake, Lovelie M. S., Mills Hutsinpiller, Beatrice Shaw, C. J. H., Wm. Crump Lightfoot, Edith and Mulford Wade, A. Dorothy Blundell, Hattie Spencer, Edna C. Dilts, Maud Heaton, Grace, Bessie, and Hattie, Charley Tausig, Ida C. H., Grace Ackley, Lillie Savage, Eleanor C. Adams, Grace A. T., Eliza W., Alice Cary, Katharine R. L., Alice Fitch, "Maiden-hair and Moonlight," Julian C. Verplanc, Bessie M. Hope, Warden M. McLee, Ethel N., H. S., Emily L. Inness, Mina Lesquereux, E. Vinnie Kremer, Priscilla H. G., George R. DeB., Lizzie Hines, Sophia Pupikofer, Annie Whitney, John N. Force, Edith Thallon, Elmer B. Lane, Meredith Kanna, J. I. Pinckney, Irene Lasier, Fred L., Gertrude C., Grace F. E., Woodie D. Ferguson, Willis C. M., Flossy May B., Madeline Giron, Harry Schuyler, Ruth E. M., Maud McMillan, Walter Drake, "Dulce," Marcia Bent, Lucy L. B., George Stewart, Clarence H. W., Eric Palmer, Susie Hunter, Molly Johnson, W. T. Logan, Gertrude M. S., Gracie, Mabelle C., Mabel Van V., Grace L. W., Howard W., "Sunshine," and Alfreda Gardner.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT has requested us to make a brief explanatory statement concerning "The Story of Prince Fairyfoot," which ends in the present number of ST. NICHOLAS. She originally intended it to be the first of a series, under the general title of "Stories from the Lost Fairy-Book,- Retold by the Child Who Read Them." And in regard to this lost fairy-book, Mrs. Burnett wrote to the Editor:

"When I was a child of six or seven. I had given to me a book of fairy-stories, of which I was very fond. Before it had been in my possession many months, it disappeared, and, though since then I have tried repeatedly, both in England and America, to find a copy of it, I have never been able to do so. I asked a friend in the Congressional Library at Washington - a man whose knowledge of books is almost unlimited - to try to learn something about it for me. But even he could find no trace of it; and so we concluded it must have been out of print some time. I always remembered the impression the stories had made on me, and, though most of them had become very faint recollections, I frequently told them to children, with additions of my own. The story of Fairyfoot I had promised to tell a little girl; and in accordance with the promise, I developed the outline I remembered, introduced new characters and conversation, wrote it upon note-paper, inclosed it in a decorated satin cover, and sent it to her. In the first place, it was rewritten merely for her, with no intention of publication; but she was so delighted with it, and read and re-read it so untiringly, that it occurred to me other children might like to hear it also. So I made the plan of developing and rewriting the other stories in like manner, and having them published under the title of 'Stories from the Lost Fairy-Book,— Retold by the Child Who Read Them.'"

The Editor of St. Nicholas, to whom the foregoing facts were first communicated, was in Europe when "Prince Fairyfoot" was put into type, - and by an oversight no explanatory note appeared with the opening chapter. But since the publication of the story was begun in this magazine, a correspondent has sent us information which enabled us to obtain a copy of the lost fairy-book. It is a little volume entitled "Granny's Wonderful Chair, and the Tales it Told," published by Messrs. Griffith & Farran, of London, and Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co., of New York. The foregoing explanation and apology are due to those publishers; and we wish to make further amends by heartily commending to our readers the little book which delighted Mrs. Burnett in her childhood. It is worthy of the esteem in which she held it, and it contains several fanciful stories that undoubtedly would interest and please the children of to-day.

THE brief account, in this number, of the society founded by Lady Brabason to help English boys and girls to do deeds of kindness, and called "The Ministering Children's League," will have a personal interest to many of our readers; for we are glad to learn that the League is already a prosperous and growing organization in America also. From a circular issued by the American secretary we reprint these paragraphs:

"The first branches of the Ministering Children's League in this country were formed early in November, 1835, in New York City and Baltimore; and others followed in different parts of the country, until now there are established one hundred branches, whose membership varies from two hundred in the larger to five in the smaller. "The chain that binds these Ministering Children together has its links in twenty-six States and Territories, from Maine to California and Washington Territory, and from Montana and Minnesota to Texas and Florida.
"The organization of the League is of the simplest. All members

Texas and Florida.

"The organization of the League is of the simplest. All members are expected to try to keep the rule,—"Every member of the League must try to do at least one kind deed every day; but each branch is free to organize as it pleases, and to undertake any good work in which it may become interested. A Central Secretary keeps the list of branches, and furnishes the cards and leaflets of the society as they are required; but no report is asked of the branches, although such reports, when made, are always welcome. To cover the expenses of printing and postage, a charge is made of two cents apiece for the membership cards, and five cents a dozen for all leaflets of the society. "Some branches have prepared gifts for poor and sick children; others formed themselves into Flower Missions during the summer,

and most have done something for outside people, while they tried

and most nave one sometiming for outside people, while they tried to do their daily, loving, ministering deeds in their own homes.

"We shall be glad to increase the membership of the Lengue, and ascitates are asked to send he leaflets to friends who are interested in any way in the care of children; while the members themselves are desired to invite their boy and girl friends to join the League."

We heartily commend the League and its beautiful rule to all our readers, and wish it continued success and prosperity. Circulars, leaflets, and membership-cards may be obtained by addressing the Central Secretary, Miss M. T. Emery, 43 Lafayette Place, New

ALL our readers, we are sure, will enjoy the little story which we reproduce this month from a Japanese toy-book. The text is a translation into English of the story as told in Japan, and the pictures are copies of those drawn by a Japanese artist. Odd as they seem at first, many young Americans will admire them and will appreciate the skill with which the artist has pictured that ungainly creature the crab, in various attitudes and positions. Especially interesting are the illustrations of the crabs declaring war and the monkeys defying them, the picture of the crabs and their friends planning a deep-laid plot to be avenged, and the one showing the reception of the king of the monkeys at the home of the crabs.

Our thanks are due to the First Japanese Manufacturing and Trading Co., of New York, for permission to copy the story and the pictures. In the toy-book sold by that company, the illustrations are printed in colors, and besides the pictures here shown there are at the close two drawings for which we have not been able to make room in the crowded columns of ST. NICHOLAS.

KENSINGTON, ACTON, S. C. DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We thank you so much for telling us sout boring for oil. We have wanted to know about it for a long about boring for oil. We have wanted to know about to be boring for oil. We have wanted to know about time. Please tell us who discovered it, when, and how. MARY AND MATT S.

St. Nicholas has referred your query to me, young friends, and I will try to answer it. Neither when, how, nor by whom petroleum was discovered is known. It is found in different quarters of the globe, in springs or floating upon the surface of streams and ponds. Some of these oil springs have long been known and used,-but without refining the oil,- those of Rangoon, in Burmah, for hundreds and perhaps even thousands of years.

But now, concerning our own country. In the Pennsylvania oil region, these oil springs are common, and they were known to the early white settlers. How long the Indians had known of them, of course we can not say. They secured the oil floating on the springs and streams, and used it as a medicine for rheumatism and similar troubles. The white men soon followed their example, until "Seneca Oil," as it was called, became well known, and was sold and used in many parts of the country. But you may be wondering how the oil came to be on top of the water. You read in the November number how the layers, or strata, of rock throughout the oil region do not lie level, but are tilted; and you can see that while they "dip" further below the surface in one direction, they will come closer to the surface and "run out" in the other direction. When the oil sands thus come to the surface in hills, the oil is enabled to escape, but very slowly, and it finds its way through the ground into the springs and streams.

But, coming down to the new era in the production and use of petroleum - places, dates, and names can be given. A little over thirty years ago, it was discovered that an excellent lamp-oil could be made from petroleum, by refining it. Up to that time, recollect, it had been used only as a medicine, and secured only from the springs and streams. But in order to learn the extent of the supply of the petroleum, to be converted into lamp-oil, a company was formed to search for it, by sinking a well. This well—the first oil-well—was sunk, near Titusville, Pa., by Colonel Drake; and it resulted in the discovery, in August, 1859, of the great underground stores of oil which have since been sent to brighten and cheer millions of homes in many lands.

WASHINGTON, PA.

SAMUEL W. HALL.

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THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER.

EASY CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Iguana. Cross-words: 1. kId. 2. eGg. 3. sUm. 4. rAt. 5. aNt. 6. cAt. WORD-SQUARE. 1. Madcap. 2. Amerce. 3. Device. 4. Crinel. 5. Accede. 6. Peeled. WORD-BUILDING. 1. In-land. 2. lo-dine. 3. Pi-rate. 4. Entire. 3. Os-prey. 6. Ab-beys. 7. Or-ally. 8. At-test. DOUBLE-LETTER ENIGMA. "Twelfth cakes"; the festival is called "Twelfth-night" NUMBRICAL ENIGMA.

alled "Twelfth-night

NUMERICAL ENGOM.
What shall I wish thee? Treasures of earth?

Songs in the spring-time, Pleasures and mirth?
Flowers on thy pathway, Skies ever clear?

Would this ensure thee A Happy New Year?

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

Novel Arithmetic. 1. W-eight. 2. F-our. 3. Eight-y. 4. H-eight. 5. D-one. 6. Often. 7. Ca-nine. A Pentagon. 1. S. 2. Led. 3. Lever. 4. Several. 5. Derive. 6. Raven. 7. Lend.

rive. 6. Raven. 7. Lend.

The King's Move Puzzle. 1. Bryant. 2. Byron. 3. Burns. 4. Coleridge, 5. Collins. 6. Cowper. 7. Dans. 8. Dante. 9. Dryden. 10. Emerson. 21. Gay. 12. Gray. 13. Goldsmith. 4. Goethe. 15. Green. 16. Hemans. 17. Homer. 18. Hood. 19. Holmes. 20. Ingelow. 21. Keats. 22. Longfellow. 23. Lowell 24. Miller. 25. Milton. 26. Montgomery. 27. Moore. 28. Morris. 29. Poe. 30. Pope. 31. Read. 32. Scott. 33. Shelley. 34. Spenser. 35. Swinburne. 36. Tennyson. 37. White. 38. Whitter. 39. Thomson. 40. Wolfe. 41. Wordsworth. 42. Willis. 43. Young. 44. Hay.

To our Puzzlers: In sending answers to puzzles, sign only your initials or use a short assumed name; but if you send a complete list of answers, you may sign your full name. Answers should be addressed to St. Nicholas "Riddle-box," care of The Century Co., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

Answers to All. This Puzzles in the November Number were received, before November 20, from Maud E. Palmer — Mary Ludlow — Mabel G. Foster and May L. Gerrish — Bertha Heald — Beth H.— Uncle, Mamma, and Jamie — Sadie and Bessie Rhodes — Emma St. C. Whitney — The Stewart Browns—"Sandyside" — "Shumway Hen and Chickens"—"The Spencers" — K. G. S.—Professor and Co. — W. R. Moore — "Agricola" — Jo and I—"Res" — Maggie T. Turill — "Blithedale" — "Clifford and Coco" — "San Anselmo Valley" — Birdie Koehler — Nellie and Reggie — "The Melvilles" — "B. L. Z. Bub, No. 2" — "Two Cousins" — Edith A. MacDonald — Arthur G. Lewis — Tony Atkinson — Hazel and Laurel — Francis W. Islip — "Dash" — Mamma and Fanny — B. and W. — Paul Resse — "Judy and Elsy" — Karl Webb.

- Paul Resse — 'Judy and Esty — Kar Webb.

Answerses To Puzztas in The Rovember Number were received, before November 20, from "Two-two," 6—"Tad," 1—Chestnuts, 1—Erminie, 2—"Eloise," 1—"Our Jesse," 5—"Vixen," 1—"M. T. Brains," 5—Arthur and Bertie Knox, 11—K. L. and L. L., 1—"Miss Muffet," 2—"Sister," 1—"Oun Vernon," 1—E. D. W., K. K. C., and F. B. G., 11—"Goose," 3—"Jolly Joker," 6—W. K. C., 1—Lilyan, 5—"Sally Lunn," 9—"Ramona," 2—Raby, 2—"Cockolorum," 3—"Nanki-Po," 4—Henry B., 1—"Sunshine," 11—Addie and Shirley Bowles, 2—"N. D. 18y Boy," 3—"Buffalo Will," 5—M. I. L., 2—Effic K. Talboys, 11—"Ono," 2—N. T. D., 2—W. G. U., 2—"Livy," 3—Edith Gray, 5—"Canadensus," 1—Wille and Ned G., 2—A. M., 1—Tunnie, 4—Bunnie, 4—"Original Puzzle Club," 11—A. E. P., 1—"Ben Zeene," 5—James R. Hughes, 1—P's and K's, 5—Marge, 1—Daisy and Mabel, 2—Millie Day, 3—Mamie R., 10—Colonel and Reg. 2—"Essie," Muskegon, 11—F. Ripley, 11—Aquila, 6—Jet, 10—"Yum-Yum," 1—Hattie Weil, 4—A. Rettop and others, Paris, 6—"Jack and Sandy," 2—"Lock and Key," 2—"Lec Cannois," 8.

PROGRESSIVE ENIGMA.

I AM composed of ten letters, and form the name of a fine city.

My 1-2-3 is a verb. My 1-2-3-4 is a lotion. My 2-3-4 is a kind

tree. My 3-4-5-6 is the fore part of the leg. My 1-2-3-4-5-6-7

cleansing. My 8-9 is a preposition. My 9-10 is upon. My 8-9

to is a measure.

"S-KAMP." is cleansing. -to is a measure.

MONUMENT.

THE central letters, reading downward, will spell the name of a

tamous battle.

CROSS-WORDS: I. In forgiveness. 2. To come into possession of. 3. The goddess of revenge. 4. And so forth. 3. To watch narrowly. 6. To petition. 7. The nickname of a famous president. 8. To array. 9. A political organization. 10. To fill with doubt and apprehension.

BEHEADINGS.

I. 1. Behead to bruise, and leave to hurry. 2. Behead a fastening, and leave a poisonous serpent. 3. Behead a stone, and leave an cutrance. 4. Behead a grain, and leave a summer luxury. 5. Behead solitary, and leave a numeral. 6. Behead a kind of wood, and leave lean. 7. Behead to vibrate, and leave part of a fowl. 8. Behead a track, and leave a generation. 9. Behead to comply, and leave a personage in high authority. 10. Behead to reckon, and

The beheaded letters will spell the name of a well-known city.

II. 3. Behead a place of traffic, and leave craft. 2. Behead to help, and leave a wager. 3. Behead to hurl, and leave a kind of tree. 4. Behead an image, and leave to peruse. 3. Behead a sight, and leave

in what manner. 6. Behead a sign, and leave "children of a larger growth." 9. Behead particular, and leave a useful substance.

The beheaded letters will spell the name of a political character prominent in the early history of the United States. LUCY LEE BROOKES AND "LIVY."

HOUR-GLASS.

I. THE centrals, reading downward, spell a word meaning to dim. CROSS-WORDS: 1. A depot. 2. To imprint. 3. To inspect closely. 4. In printing. 5. A bolt. 6. Sensibility. 7. Pushing forward with violence.

forward with violence.

II. The centrals, reading downward, spell a word meaning aid.
CROSS-WORDS: I. Tumult. 2. Strong. 3. An animal. 4. In
printing. 5. A tumult. 6. To set in order. 7. Eagerly attentive.
"ED. U. CATOR."

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Mv primals name a very famous hero, and my finals a place always associated with his name.

CROS-WORDS (of cqual length): 1. Circumscribed. 2. A Peruvian ani nal.

3. Evident. 4. Not transparent. 5. To delay. 6. Discovery.

7. An important city of Portugal. 8. A papal ambassador.

6. ED. U. CATOR."

A FLIGHT OF STAIRS.

Across, to court; downward, a revolving circular body; the cry of an animal; an exclamation; to perform the part of; a resinous substance; to regret; to instigate.

The central letters (indicated by stars), when read upward, will spell the name of a nocturnal bird of South America.



THE words forming this numerical enigma are pictured instead of described. The answer, consisting of forty-five letters, is one of Poor Richard's maxims. The Latin quotation embodies the same

ZIGZAG.

Each of the cross-words contains the same number of letters, and the zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand corner, will spell the name of a famous person.

Cross-words: 1. To confer.

2. To conquer. 3. A small amphibious animal.

4. A prophet.

5. An outer garment worn by the ancients. 6. An aquatic fowl.

7. To decrease. 8. To separate.

9. A narrow and difficult way.

10. Sumptuous.

11. To decorate.

12. Compact.

13. To grasp.

14. To impede.

15. A support.

16. To whirl.

17. TOFSY AND EVA."

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS.



I. UPPER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: I. In Panama. 2. A sacred vestment. 3. Defensive arms. 4. A sea-port town of Spain. 5. Perforated. 6. Disengaged. 7. In Panama. II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 3. In Panama. 2. To reckon. 3. To cut into small pieces. 4. The name of a swift ocean steam-ship. 5. Improves. 6. A prefix. 7. In Panama.

III. CENTRAL DIAMOND: 1. In Panama. 2. Three-fourths of a word meaning silent. 3. Supplied with copious doses. 4. A country of Europe. 5. To immerse. 6. A stamp. 7. In

Panama.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In Panama. 2. A low, buzzing sound 3. Engaged. 4. A girl's name. 5. A fruit. 6. A great clatter. 7. In Panama.

V. LOWER ENGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In Panama. 2. A period. 3. Expulsion. 4. A territory of the United States. 5. With a loud voice. 6. To cease. 7. In Panama. M. A. 8.

WORD-HEXAGON.



BARDWELL

From x to 2, one of nine equal parts; from 2 to 3, a salutation; from 3 to 4, egg-shaped; from 5 to 4, a dipper; from 6 to 5, to praise highly; from x to 6, honorable; from x to 4, the period of initiation; from 2 to 5, pertaining to a doctrine contrary to the Christian religion; from 3 to 6, to purchase goods beyond the means of payment.

RIDDLE.

Most securely secreted within, I deem My answer perhaps my wholk may be: But 1501, transposed, 't would seem, A faint light one could not fail but see.

COMBINATION PUZZLE.

When the stars in the following sentences have been replaced by the right letters, ten familiar axioms will appear.

- 1. L_st ''n_sv_sr d_ss_ae_rr'' b_s y_su_s m_st_so_s.
 2. A b_si_sh_s h_sa_st m_sk_ss a b_so_sm_sn_s v_ss_sg_s.
 3. F_sl_sy i_s t_se p.v_sr_sy o_s t_se m_sn_s.
 4. A g_si_st_s c_sn_sc_sc_sc_s n_sc_s n_s a_sc_ss_sr.
 5. A p_sn_sy s_sv_sd i_s a p_sn_sy c_sr_sc_s.
 6. I_sl_sh_ss_s a_sd P_sv_sr_sy a_se w_sl_s m_st_sd.
 7. A_sl b_so_sd i_s a_st_se a_sc_sc_st.
 8. H_s w_so s_su_sl_ss h_ss c_sn_sc_st w_sn_ss i_s m_ss_s.
 9. L_st_sl_s s_sr_sk_ss f_sl_s g_sc_st o_sk_s.
 10. A h_ss_sy m_sn n_sv_sx w_ss.

When these axioms have been rightly guessed, take from each a word containing the same number of letters. When these tem words of equal length have been rightly selected and placed one below the other, the central letters will name certain pretty trifies.

GILBERT FORREST.

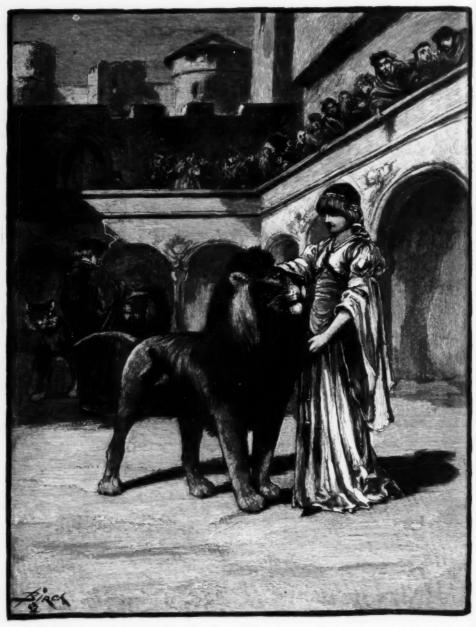
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"AJAX SLOWLY ROSE AND LOOKED UP INTO THE GIRL'S CALM FACE."

DRAWN BY REGINALD B. BIRCH.

[See page 328.]

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